

REUBEN AND RACHEL;

OR,

TALES OF OLD TIMES.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. ROWSON,

AUTHOR OF CHARLOTTE, MENTORIA, FILLE DE CHAMBRE, &c. &c.



VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

Minerva-Press,

FOR WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

1799.

REUBEN AND RACHEL

OF

TALES OF OLD TIMES

A NOVEL



BY

MRS. HENRY

AUTHOR OF 'CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE', 'THE DE CHAMBER', &c.

— 22044 —

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

UNIVERSITY PRESS

FOR WILLIAM AND LEACH, 15, N. B.

1854.

REUBEN AND RACHEL.

CHAP. I.

An old fashioned Widow.

IT was about the middle of the fifteenth century that the lovely and amiable Isabelle found herself a widow, reduced from ease and affluence to a very confined income. Though her circumstances were altered; her mind elevated, her spirit, noble and independent, was still the same. Isabelle was a native of Spain, of noble parentage, expanded heart, superior sense, and highly-finished education. The beauty and elegance of her person, though striking, were but secondary objects of the esteem and admiration she was sure to excite wherever she was seen or known.

In the prime of life, having scarcely reached her thirty-fifth year, suddenly deprived of a valuable and beloved husband, she retired from a court of which she had been a principal ornament, to a castle romantically situated on the borders of Wales. Amongst her husband's vast possessions, this only had escaped the rapacious hand of his enemies: it was an antique castle, which formerly had been designed for defence as well as a habitation; but the fortress had been for many years totally neglected, and the castle itself in many places was fallen to decay. The ground belonging to it consisted of but a few acres, and those few were uncultivated and rude; a few clumps of old oaks were here and there scattered on the sides of the hill, on the summit of which the castle stood; and immediately surrounding it, was a small patch which once had been used as a kitchen garden. The very trifling value annexed to this small demesne and its retired solitary situation, made it no object to the enemies of Arundel; and thither Isabelle, with her only child, Columbia, retired.

An old female servant, a native of South America, whose name was Cora, and Matthias, a veteran soldier, who had grown old in the service of her husband's father, with a lively little girl, particularly

larly attached to Columbia, comprised the whole of her household.

Mina was the daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood of London. The little Columbia, when quite a child, walking with her maid on the banks of the Thames, saw Mina gathering some dry sticks, which she carefully tied in a bundle, and dropping a curtesy as Columbia passed, cried, "Bless you, sweet little lady." Mina was just nine years of age, her complexion clear olive, a profusion of jetty hair waved in glossy ringlets over her neck, and partly shaded her expressive countenance; her full black eyes beamed unutterable softness, as taking up her bundle of sticks she gazed after Columbia, and cried, "Bless you, my sweet little lady!" "And bless you, my pretty girl!" said Columbia; "why do you carry that heavy bundle?"—" 'Tis wood to make a fire for mammy, who is sick."—"Where does your mammy live?"—"There, in that little cottage by the road side." Columbia, though not eight years old, possessed a heart glowing with the strongest feelings of humanity; she darted forward, and in a moment was at the door of Mina's cottage. "You must not go in, Miss," said the servant: "if the woman should be sick of any contagious disorder, and you should catch it, what would my lady say?"

—“What would she say,” replied the child, “if I passed by the house without enquiring what ailed the poor woman? I will go in, and then I can tell my mother, who will, I am sure, give me some money to bring to her to-morrow.” Opposition was useless; the benevolent child entered the cottage, and beheld a scene of misery which, though she did not fully comprehend, she, on her return home, sufficiently explained to her mother to obtain immediate relief for the poor cottager; and Mina was taken into the family, and promoted to the honour of waiting entirely on her little benefactress.

When the Lady Isabelle retired to Aftenbury Castle, Columbia was eleven years old. It was her mother’s chief amusement to cultivate an understanding naturally good, but where sometimes the shoots of female vanity impeded the progress of those virtues, which nature with a liberal hand had implanted in her heart. Remarkably lovely in her person, she would frequently decorate her hair with field flowers, at the same time placing garlands of them in fantastic drapery about her dress; and then, having admired herself in the natural basin which ornamented their little garden, fly to her mother, and exclaim with transport, “Only see how beautiful!” When Mina, who thought her
young

young mistress almost a divinity, would rapturously cry, "Don't she, my Lady, look like an angel?"

Isabelle, though delighted to observe the unbounded vivacity of her daughter, and the grateful affection of her little dependant, was fully sensible of the necessity there was for checking those ebullitions of vanity, which, if suffered to pass unnoticed, would effectually throw a shade over the really valuable qualities of good sense, good nature, and benevolence, with which the soul of her daughter was amply stored. Her reflections on this subject were often painful in the extreme. Secluded from the world, she had no friend with whom she could advise. "Severity," she would say within herself, "will but teach my child to consider me as a frigid mistress; her heart will contract and hide its thoughts from an eye that beams only with reproach! No; I must watch the favourable moment, and effectually eradicate this error, by convincing her understanding of its folly. I would be the guardian of my child's morals; I would be her friend, and direct her in the way most likely to secure her present and future happiness; but for the universe I would not forfeit the exquisite pleasure of participating every thought, every wish of her innocent heart.—No; let me not, by ill-timed harshness, drive her guileless and unsuspecting nature

nature to mean subterfuge and artifice: had she a thousand errors, she is still my child; and though it is my duty to correct, it is also my duty to conceal and palliate faults, which reflection tells me are but the offspring of human nature."

It was ever the care of Isabelle to impress on the mind of her daughter a proper sense of a wise, benignant, over-ruling Power, to whom she was indebted for her being, and to whom she was accountable for her words and actions; but this was done more by example than precept. Calumny was a stranger to her lips: to perform every good work of peace and mercy was the delight of her heart. She worshiped her Creator with sincerity and fervour; no appointed hour, no set form of prayer; every blessing was received with thankfulness—every correction submitted to with patience. Amongst the most heinous offences she reckoned the misuse or neglect of time, and the total abuse or perversion of God's good gifts. Every hour of her life was usefully employed, and she dealt by every human being as she wished them to deal by her.

It was a fine evening in the middle of September, when Columbia asked her mother to partake of some fruit in a neat arbour Matthias had dressed by the side of the pond. "You forget, my dear mother,"

mother," said she, "that this is the day I always devote to joy and playfulness. This is the day on which you relieved poor Mina's mother, and brought that good girl home to live with me; and she has been so affectionate, so grateful, that to-day I am determined she shall be queen of the feast. You do not know how charming it will be! Matthias has got us some peaches, and Cora has provided cream, with baked apples and wheat cakes; and whilst you refresh yourself, Mina and I will sing and dance to divert you. Isabelle clasped the interesting child in her arms, and repaired to the appointed scene of infantile festivity.

After the collation was over, at which Mina was made to preside, Columbia told her mother, that she could never repay the pleasure her first acquaintance with that little girl had given her; "For," said she, "before I saw her distressed, and you, my beloved mother, gave me the means to relieve it, I had no idea of happiness beyond myself; but that blessed day taught me, that to confer happiness on another, gave the mind sensations a thousand times more exquisite than any other enjoyment the world affords." She then, with the swiftness and light bound of an antelope, sprang from her mother's embrace, and ran toward the castle, but soon returned with Mina, decorated in

all the finery they could put together. The jetty hair of Mina hung loose and unadorned about her neck and shoulders, whilst her little white jacket and petticoat were richly ornamented with orange lilies, poppies, and blue iris.

The fine auburn tresses of Columbia were bound up with a garland of corn flowers, and autumnal daisies, whose glowing tints vied with the colour, whilst the consciousness of their becoming effect gave an additional brilliancy to her eyes. Her dress, which was composed of light grey satin, she had lightly and elegantly ornamented with festoons of oak leaves, whose dark native green was at this period of the year enlivened by the bright yellow, and glowing scarlet hue they had caught from the chilly breath of autumn. Light as the gossamer they bound over the turf, dancing to the notes of their own harmonious voices. The evening was serene; the glowing sun just touched with his broad disk the western ocean, whilst as he sunk beneath the shades of night, the moon, emerging from her watry bed, reflected his departing beams, and tinged the cold eastern sky with saffron hue, whilst here and there a scattered cloud, dark in itself, caught her pale rays, and brightened by degrees to high-wrought silver.

Fatigued

Fatigued with the exercise of dancing, Columbia paused upon the margin of the stream; its surface was smooth and even as the polished mirror;—her elegant form, becoming dress, and angel countenance were reflected in the water. She stopped and gazed. A beam of exultation shot from her eyes. It was the moment Isabelle had so long wished for.

“And what does my child so intently gaze at?” said she, approaching her daughter.

Mina stood at a little distance; her own beauty was to herself unknown, her whole soul was wrapt in admiring the beauty of her young lady. When the Lady Isabelle spoke, she drew near and listened with attention; she loved her with grateful affection, and instruction from her lips sunk directly to her heart.

“And what does my child so intently gaze at?” said Isabelle; is it the lovely form with which nature has bountifully endowed her, and which the unruffled surface of the water so beautifully reflects to her admiring eyes? Alas! my child, if that is the object of your admiration, how fragile is the pleasure you receive! What is it you contemplate? a shadow—nay, less than a shadow; for beauty itself is but a shadow, scarce seen before it is gone! and that fair semblance you there behold, is

but the shadow of a shade. Behold, my child," continued she, throwing something into the water, "see that beauteous figure, how deformed, how disgusting; every trait of loveliness is gone!" Columbia turned from the stream with an involuntary shudder. Isabelle continued—"Or see, my love, these flowers, with which but a few hours since you decorated your hair; they were then fresh-blooming and beautiful beyond description; behold them now! their sweets are all exhaled, their vivid tints are flown, and no longer valuable, you would throw them from you with neglect and abhorrence. Even so, my dear Columbia, is it with the frail beauty which you so ardently admire: one breath from the creative Power that gave you being, might level you with the dust. Sickness, misfortune, poverty, might deprive your eyes of their lustre, your skin of its glossy hue, and steal the luxuriant tresses from your head. Nay, even at this moment, the cold hand of death might sink you into nothing; and those who to day looked at you with admiration, would to-morrow turn from you with disgust and terror. Like these poor flowers, you would be thrown upon the earth, be trod under foot, and be forgotten.

Mina, dropping her garland on the ground, seized her young lady by the arm, as though she
3 would

would save her from so disgraceful an end. Columbia looked at her with affection, gently freed herself from her grasp, and, looking at the faded flowers, with eyes streaming with tears, asked her mother, "Am I then, of no more consequence than these flowers, and may I be as easily destroyed? Shall I be as soon reduced to nothing?"—"No, my beloved girl," said Isabelle, "you are of a thousand times more value than the fairest flower that ever bloomed, or the richest gem that ever decked the brow of royalty. Look round, my love, behold this vast, this glorious universe, what beauty, what order! How does the mind expand with wonder and delight as we contemplate the fields of ripened grain, the loaded fruit trees, verdant plains, and majestic mountains, whose summits seem to kiss the face of heaven. Observe how grand, how strikingly sublime, appears the orb of day, just sinking in the western sky, which flames with crimson, burnished gold, and purple; and see, as he retires, the placid moon assumes her silent reign, whilst millions of stars compose her splendid train, and glitter in the vast expanse of ether. Stupendous, great, and wonderful as these appear, believe me, my child, one pure, virtuous human soul is of more value in the sight of the Creator than all that you behold: they shall fade
B 6 away,

away, shall vanish as a dream, and be no more remembered;—but the soul, studious to perform its duty, beneficent to its fellow-creatures, and glowing with grateful, humble affection to the great First Cause of all, shall stand secure amid the general ruin, and rise triumphant from a sinking world.”

Thus did Isabelle endeavour to inspire her daughter with a thorough contempt for all frivolous pursuits, and to give her a just sense of the value of mental acquirements. From this time she fully comprehended of how much more consequence was the embellishing of the mind, than the trifling decorations of the person. Besides, having been informed of the immortality of the soul, she was anxious in enquiry for the means by which so invaluable a blessing might be preserved; and to hint to her the danger of forfeiting so great a privilege, was always sufficient to deter her from any thing that was wrong.

It cannot be imagined that a woman like Isabelle could pass at once from the court to the cottage, and be suffered to glide unnoticed into obscurity: Amongst the friends and intimates of her days of splendour, were some tenderly attached to her from principle, and others, whom the united beauties of her mind and person had inspired with a wish to lead her again to the altar of Hymen; but Isabelle

6 had

had drank too deeply of the bitter cup of affliction to suffer love ever again to enter her bosom.—Faithful to the memory of her regretted lord, her heart could receive no second impression. “Our love,” she would say, “was unfortunate, but he has left me an inestimable pledge behind; shall I give the daughter of my adored Arundel another father, or, by extending my family duties, have less time to bestow in rendering my child worthy of the name she bears? No; the sincerest proof I can give of my affection to her father, is to live a widow for her sake.”

This resolve of Isabelle being once known, and she still persisting in secluding herself from the world, she was soon forgotten, almost as much as if she had been dead; for love cannot long exist without hope; and the gay and thoughtless soon forget those on whom the sun of prosperity no longer shines. She was left in peace to enjoy her retirement, and to cultivate, unmolested, the mind of her lovely daughter.

CHAP. II.

The Dangers of Greatness.

AS Columbia increased in years, her affection for her mother daily strengthened. It was an affection actuated by the enthusiastic fervour of youth, yet sweetly tempered by a friendship which might have become maturer years. Isabelle was to her daughter, mother, sister, friend; every tender connexion combined in one. Never did child more love or fear a parent; yet her fear did not proceed from the apprehension of punishment or severe correction: but to see her mother frown, to be told she had offended her, and to be spoken to with coldness, gave her such inexpressible anguish, that the thought at any time was sufficient to fill her eyes with tears.

As she advanced towards womanhood, she could not but observe the extreme pensiveness of her mother's disposition; the pursuits and pleasures of childhood gradually lost their charms; she more frequently sought the society of Isabelle; and when
sometimes

sometimes she surprised her in tears, she would sink on her knees before her, and, folding her arms round her waist, cry, "Why, my beloved mother, will you confine your sorrows to your own breast; why not repose them in the bosom of your child? Let me share them, my mother, and in sharing soothe them." Isabelle would faintly smile at these effusions of her daughter's tenderness, and, as she kissed the affectionate girl, tell her, it was too early in life for her to be acquainted with sorrow, though she could feel it only from the tenderness of her nature, leading her to compassionate the sufferings of others.

"I am not so happy as I formerly was, my dear Mina," said Columbia to her attendant one evening as they were walking in the garden; "I see my mother daily sinking under the weight of afflictions I can neither comprehend or alleviate.—Yesterday I tremblingly asked her if I was the cause of her sorrow: she pressed me to her heart, and said, in some measure I was. Alarmed, I enquired what I had done to offend her. Nothing, she replied; you are my only comfort, my greatest blessing, and I cannot but lament——Her tears at that moment impeded her words, and when she recovered her voice, she bade me leave her. I obeyed; but still I have a weight upon my heart,

an

an anxious, restless wish to know, how, without offending, I can cause her so much affliction."

Mina could not satisfy her young lady's curiosity; she could only kiss her hands, and, in a voice rendered exquisitely soft by grateful affection, declare it was impossible her dear little benefactress could offend any one!

But though Mina was ignorant of the cause of Isabelle's tears, Cora, the Indian servant, was not equally so. She saw Columbia partook of her mother's depression, without understanding the cause; and the loquacity naturally prevalent in persons of an advanced age, made her eagerly watch for an opportunity to inform the innocent girl of all she knew. The moment long sought at length arrived. Columbia had frequently observed her mother weeping over papers which she took from a private drawer in an escritoire which stood in her bed-chamber, and which in no other part was locked, except that which she most wished to explore. One day, coming suddenly into the room, she saw her gazing at a portrait which she pressed to her lips, raising her eyes toward Heaven with a sort of reverential awe. "May I not, my dear mother," said she, "behold the object that seems at once to excite both grief and exultation." Isabelle turned the portrait towards her; it was an Indian maid

maid habited in the manner of her country ; but in habiliments that bespoke her of elevated rank.— Her jetty hair, which flowed in profusion round her face and over her neck, was ornamented with a coronet of pearl and gold ; her thin white robe was clasped at the bosom with studs of the same valuable materials ; and her arms, which were naked to the shoulders, were in several places bound with bands of silver and coral.

“ This,” said Isabelle, as she presented it to her daughter, “ is the portrait of your grandmother ; by birth a *Queen*, the only child of a monarch whose wealth had no bounds, and who, far from the haunts of those who call themselves civilized people, reigned unmolested, till the adventurous spirit of your great ancestor, Columbus, prompted him to seek in distant seas for unknown worlds. Oh ! sublime, and too daring spirit,” she continued, whilst her raised eyes glistened with the tear of extorted remembrance, “ why wert thou endowed with qualities, which served but to stir up in the breasts of thine enemies the malignant fiend, Envy. Why ! whilst thou wert labouring to benefit and enlighten posterity, wert thou sealing thy own ruin !”

The portrait dropped from her hand, and her head rested on the shoulder of her child. “ Oh !
my

my daughter," cried she enthusiastically, as her tears subsided, " whilst I glory in the qualities with which it has pleased Heaven to endow your mind and person, I cannot but tremble for your future fate; for to possess superior beauty, sense, or genius, is but to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and the envy of little minds; whilst those who are wise, or great in their own conceit, will wound your feelings with contempt or ridicule, which your own good nature and sensibility will not permit you to retaliate. I cannot proceed, my child; my powers are not at present adequate to the task of recounting the misfortunes of your family."—Isabelle paused for a moment, then tenderly kissed Columbia, and leaving the portrait in the hands of her child, passed from the apartment.

Sinking upon the seat her mother had left unoccupied, one hand supporting her head as her elbow rested on the *escritoire*, the other which held the portrait fell on her knees, her eyes immoveably fixed on those of the inanimate face she contemplated, Columbia sat immoveable as a statue, till roused by the voice of Cora. " Look there," said she, putting the miniature towards the aged servant; " see! my mother says it is the picture of my grandmother." " It is, it is," cried Cora, dropping on her knees, and kissing the picture with rapture;

rapture; "it is the figure of my queen, my mistress! in the dress she wore on the day she was espoused by Don Ferdiando. Oh fatal day! unhappy hour! by that union she sealed her own wretchedness, the ruin of her father, the slavery of his people, and brought destruction on the heads of her adored husband and his respected parent! Ah! my sweet young mistress, I can no longer forbear; I must tell you the fatal story of your father's wrongs."

"Do so," said Isabelle, who at that moment returned to her apartment; "do so, my good Cora; and let it be a warning to my child how she quits the quiet paths of retirement to enter on the gay or busy scenes of life. Here, take this key; what your memory cannot furnish toward the recital, the papers you will find in that drawer will assist.—Listen, with attention, my dear child, and learn that Content builds her dwelling in solitude, and Peace spreads her pinions over the cottage of the humble; whilst the paths of Ambition are strewed with thorns, and the dwellings of the great are the habitations of misery."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

An Old Woman's Tale interrupted.

“IT is many years ago,” said Cora, seating herself in an easy chair, her right hand spread out, as commanding attention, and every feature of her aged countenance beaming with the satisfaction which the liberty of repeating tales of old times gave her; “it is a great many years ago, I was then scarcely eight years old, when your great grandfather, Columbus, arrived in our country; I never shall forget it: for I can remember things which happened when I was a child, much better than those which pass now daily. Time steals away our memory, but those things which either frightened or surprised us when we were young, are the last which we forget. So as I was saying”——“Stay, my good Cora,” said Columbia, “let us examine the papers; there may be letters which may serve to elucidate your relation, and explain events which happened antecedent to the time of your remembrance.”——“I do not think
you

you will find any worth reading," said Cora, impatiently. "We will see," replied Columbia, mildly, as she opened the drawer. "You may look," cried Cora somewhat pettishly, "but I am sure there is nothing worth attending to, till the time of Don Ferdinando's arrival in Peru, and becoming enamoured of my royal mistress, Orrabella." "Hush, hush, my kind friend," said Columbia.— "Here is a letter signed Columbus; there are several in the same hand writing; they must contain facts necessary for me to know, or they would not be thus carefully preserved. Be silent, and I will read them to you. Cora sat herself back in the easy chair, and shutting her eyes in token of attention, remained silent. Columbia opened the letter.

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

October, 1490.

"I AM parted from you, my adored Beatina; but painful as the parting is, I feel it is for our future advantage. I am convinced, my beloved wife, that there are worlds beyond the narrow bounds which our natural philosophers at present prescribe. I have studied much, my lovely friend,
and

and am almost certain, that were I supplied with vessels, men, provisions, and every thing necessary, I should make discoveries that would occasion my name to be revered in after ages; and those who blamed my lovely Beatina for giving herself to her Columbus, shall say, "You did right, Beatina; Columbus has an enterprising spirit, that will carve out a fortune, even from a barren waste. For is not the ocean a barren waste? and yet even from that do I mean to carve out for my soul's idol an empire, where she shall reign queen over all, as she does over my heart.

"Why, why, my best beloved, are you not endowed with strength of frame, that your friendship might increase my fortitude in danger, and share the glorious triumph of unexpected success? Yet why should I wish you to lose the sweet feminine softness which first won, and still holds captive my heart? I know not what I wish, Beatina. You so entirely possess my thoughts, that whilst I search this vast globe for unknown worlds, to lay them at your feet when found, I would have the fame, the glory of the discovery all your own. And will it not be yours? Yes; surely yes; for you inspired the thought, prompted the search, and are the magic charm that actuates all my endeavours.

"Tell

“Tell our dear Ferdinando, that though I have, by my marriage with his mother, deprived him of his birthright, as the only heir of an ancient and wealthy Marquis, I will toil to recompense to him the sacrifice his dear mother made to me. Sweet Beatina, do not grieve at this our long separation; when I return, I will return worthy of your love; I will make my charmer worshipped by those who now hold her in contempt. I am about to lay before the King of Portugal a plan for making those discoveries you have so frequently heard me mention as more than probable. If he listens to me, my fortune is certain; if he treats my proposals as chimerical, the offspring of a disordered imagination, I will apply to some other power. Dearest, have courage; the persevering spirit must in time conquer. Believe I but exist, whilst absent from you, and think that existence scarcely worth preserving but for your sake. Heaven bless my Beatina.

C. COLUMBUS.”

“That letter was written before my remembrance,” said Cora. “Very likely,” replied Columbia, scarcely noticing the date, in her eagerness to open another.

COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

January, 1491.

“ I HAVE been disappointed in my sweet friend, but be not you disheartened. Thanks be to Heaven I left you and my darling boy in a safe retreat, where, though not enjoying all the advantages your rank in life might demand, you have at least all the comforts necessary to the real pleasures of life.

“ But think not, my beloved, my esteemed friend, I would wander forth in search of adventures, and leave the wife of my choice, and the offspring of her affection, to languish out many years, nay, perhaps their whole lives, in obscurity. No! no!—Columbus labours not for his own advantage, but for the advantage of those so nearly, so dearly connected with him. I will leave you, my love, whenever I quit my native land, in a state of honour and opulence, or my scheme shall be totally abandoned.

“ If I fail, if in this generally thought romantic plan I lose my life, your father will no doubt be reconciled to you, nor slight the offspring of an only child, on account of his affinity to an unfortunate man, who, had he been monarch of the globe, would have laid his crown at Beatina's feet.

“ I leave

"I leave my native land to-morrow, in order to solicit Ferdinand of Spain to grant me the vessels and supplies necessary for prosecuting my intended voyage. I am told the court of Spain is more enlightened than any other court in Europe.

"I had, previous to my quitting you, found means to lay my plans before the British throne; but I fear they were treated as the project of a visionary; for though my brother undertook the charge, I have received no answer. Alas! Beatina, how hard it is to combat any received prejudice! The wise and learned men of past ages, have held it impossible for mariners to find a passage, or proceed, without incurring immediate death, beyond certain boundaries which their confined knowledge has marked out. But I will not be withheld from the experiment; if I succeed, after ages will reverence my name; if I fail, it will sink quietly into oblivion; or perhaps some future genius, enterprising and sanguine as myself, shall drop a tear to my memory, and as he laments my fate, tremble for his own. Adieu, my friend, my lovely comforter!—I am more yours than my own.

C. COLUMBUS."

After this several letters were perused by Columbia, which contained little more than a repetition of his attachment to Beatina, and accounts of his unsuccessful applications to Ferdinand, the then reigning King of Spain; at length the following called up all her attention.

COLUMBUS TO BEATINA.

May, 1492.

“CONGRATULATE me, my lovely friend; I am at length successful! How have I counted the tedious months that kept me from my soul’s idol; and how often have I feared that my perseverance would be of no avail, and that I had sacrificed ages of real happiness (for hours are ages to the heart that loves as mine does) to the visionary hopes of future greatness! But I am successful. I shall explore those distant seas, with which my studies have so well acquainted me, and in some unknown world seek out a kingdom of which my Beatina shall be queen:—yes, you shall be queen; for whatsoever world I find, be it the fairest, greatest, or the best the sun ever shone on, no man should ever claim a right to govern it. For it is to a woman I owe the means of making the great attempt. I am so overjoyed, I cannot proceed methodically;

methodically; yet I know you languish to learn every particular that concerns your Columbus.

"I have in former letters informed you of my hitherto fruitless solicitations. Wearied by attendance on ministers and creatures, who hung about the King like bees upon the sweet scabious, draining it of its vital moisture till its very root decayed, when they returned to their hives laden with the precious store, regardless of the dying state of the flower from which they had extracted both life and health; disgusted with their unmeaning professions, their hypocrisy and stupidity, I had nearly relinquished the undertaking, when I one morning received an order to attend the Queen's private drawing-room; you may suppose I did not hesitate to obey the summons. The royal Isabelle received me with affability and encouraging sweetness; she condescended to confer with me on my intended voyage, and on the studies which led me to hope for success: she listened with attention to my reasons, and bade me attend the levee next morning. I went. My royal patroness urged my suit to the King with all the earnestness of persuasive eloquence: he listened, but it was with cold, almost contemptuous silence. Yet was she not dismayed; her fine features glowed with enthusiasm, as she expressed a prophetic assurance of success. Her

intercessions were finished with this heroic declaration:—‘ If your Majesty,’ said she, ‘ conceives the plan too wild, too eccentric to be countenanced, by ordering this enterprizing man the necessary supplies from the public treasury, and if your own private purse will not at present allow of so large a disbursement, suffer me to raise the money on my own personal jewels. I beseech your Majesty do not say me nay. I want no ornaments to render me pleasing to my sovereign, and will cheerfully part with them to benefit his subjects, or add to his territory.’

“ Struck with the magnanimity of the proposal, Ferdinand could no longer refuse; he gave immediate orders for the equipment of a fleet, in which I am to proceed on my intended discovery; and a sum of money is to be paid to me from the treasury, to provide every necessary for the voyage.

“ I fell at the feet of the Royal Isabelle, and kissed, with grateful transports, the hem of her garment. She gracefully raised me, and with a smile of heavenly benignity, assured me that you, my Beatina, and our darling Ferdinando, should be taken under her immediate protection. Hasten then, my dearest, on the receipt of this; hasten to Spain, and let me introduce you to our august Queen. I know you will partake my joy; and

if a tear does start at the thought of parting, I also know you will wipe it off unseen, lest it should unman the heart of your adoring

COLUMBUS."

"Undaunted spirit of my ancestor," cried Columbia as she closed the letter, "may you ever inhabit the bosoms of his descendants!"—"But what is the next letter?" said Cora. She opened it, but it was only a farewell to Beatina when he was ready to sail from Cadiz; and by it Columbia discovered that lady and her son were retained in the Spanish court under the immediate protection of Isabelle. The next was a large packet, and of such a nature as could not be hastily or slightly passed over.

ISABELLE, QUEEN OF SPAIN, TO BEATINA,
WIFE TO COLUMBUS.

February, 1493.

"THOU bosom friend of the bravest man that ever lived, thy Queen now claims thee as her friend and sister. Isabelle is in affliction, and calls on Beatina to comfort her. Yet how can I ask comfort from you, when I have none to offer in return?

turn? I cannot see you, lest you curse the hand that supplied the means for this ill-starred voyage. Our Columbus, the man whose name shall be revered while time endures, is no more! He sleeps in the vast ocean—but his memory shall live for ever.

“Did I say I had no comfort to offer? Alas! my regrets for his loss were so great, I forgot that he triumphed ere he died: he found the wondrous unknown world he sought; but his own words will best tell his success. The inclosed was brought to our court this morning by a sea captain, who, whilst yet far from the Spanish coast, saw something floating on the waves; and feeling an awakened curiosity prompt him, went a little out of his course to take it up: it was a cask painted white. On opening it, they found this sad testimony of our fatal loss, inclosed in a cake of wax, and surrounded by a quantity of cork, in order, as it is imagined, to facilitate its swimming. I am inadequate to the task of adding more, only to say, when you can see me without distress to yourself, come to me, and let us mingle our tears together: bring Ferdinando with you; henceforth he is my son.—Farewel!

ISABELLE.”

Inclosed in the foregoing.

COLUMBUS TO HIS ROYAL MISTRESS.

At sea, December, 1492.

" Royal and revered Lady,

" The most humble and grateful of your servants addresses you at a moment, when he much fears he shall never again behold you. I am, with my little convoy, in a boisterous and almost unknown sea, at a season of the year when storms prevail, and the inclemency of the weather renders our safety extremely precarious. The clouds hang low, the atmosphere is thick, the hollow murmuring sea, and bleak wind that whistles through the rigging, portends an approaching storm.

" I shall not fulfil my duty to the most gracious of sovereigns, if I do not try some method to inform her, whatever may be my fate, her wishes are fulfilled. The new, the hitherto unexplored world, of which I fondly dreamed so many anxious years, is at length discovered! I shall annex to this the course by which I steered, the soundings as we approached land, and every requisite direction for mariners to find the place where I have left a little colony of forty men.

“ Our voyage from Spain was tedious in the extreme, and those who had not the same internal assurances which my intense study had given me, of our being in a right course, were almost tempted to mutiny, to confine me, and, taking command of the fleet, return to Spain; but to my inexpressible joy, when even my own spirits began to fail, nor could I longer have silenced the fears of the mariners, on the morning of the 12th of October, I discovered land; we made for the shore, and on the 13th landed and took possession of a beautiful fertile island, in the name of your august consort Ferdinand. I kissed the ground as I landed, and called it St. Salvadora, in honour of my gracious patroness; for her bounty relieved me when I was in utter despair of ever making the attempt of a discovery, and the sight of this island preserved me from the vengeance of a disappointed, terrified set of seamen, who thought I had foolishly dragged them from their friends and country to perish on the ocean. I found the inhabitants humane, social, and tractable; and left our little colony in a state of greater comfort than could have been expected. But the impossibility of obtaining proper provisions for the long voyage before us, and the very fragile state of our barques to combat seas unusually tempestuous at this season, renders me
fearful

fearful I shall never again see Spain, or kneel at the feet of my royal mistress.

“The island I have discovered yields plenty of gold dust; pearls are found in the rivers; and from what I could observe, diamonds and other precious stones are easily procured; for the natives not only wear them in their hair and about their necks, but decorate their temples with them, intermixed with gold and silver. These temples are in general dedicated to the sun, which is their chief object of adoration. The sacred duties are performed by priestesses, who vow eternal virginity. Their men are tall and well proportioned; the women beautiful in the extreme.

“Thus have I slightly touched on the many charms to entice my sovereign to make this territory her own. Oh may the wealth its mines contain, enrich her above all her contemporaries! may the colony she plants increase and flourish! there may she found a new, a glorious world, that after ages shall at once admire and fear.

“And now that life perhaps is near its close, will my benignant Queen permit her servant to recommend once more to her protection, my wife and child? Ferdinando is now fifteen: when he attains the age of manhood, let him pursue the path I have marked out, and finish what his father

but begun; and should his searches meet with the success my spirit prophesies, let the new world be called *Columbia*. It will unite the name of Beatina with Columbus, perpetuating her loved name with mine.

"I would have wrote to my beloved wife, but what could I say? My heart bleeds for what she will suffer. You, my gracious mistress, will not forsake her: comfort her, console her; tell her that Beatina will be the last sound that trembles on my lips. Pardon me, sovereign lady, my style grows familiar; but the grave levels all distinctions, and I am now standing on its brink; a few more hours, and I plunge into a vast eternity! If the storm increases, my vessel cannot much longer brave its fury; if mine cannot, what will become of the poor little caravels that accompany me? Their fate is certain!—Royal Isabelle, farewell! While life lingers in this frail tenement, gratitude for thy munificence can never be extinct in the heart of thy servant

COLUMBUS."

"Noble, brave commander," cried Columbia, giving way to a flood of tears; "and was this thy untimely end?"—"No, no," said Cora, interrupting

ing her; "he made several voyages after that, or else how should he carry Don Ferdinando to Peru? He did not die till after the birth of Christopher and a sister of your mother, who was christened Isabelle, after the Queen of Spain. He lived to a good old age, and was hearty and well till misfortune overtook him, then he moped and pined—nay, I have seen him weep like a baby, and he died at last broken hearted."—"More shame for those who could wound a heart so noble," said Columbia, whilst resentment, as it crimsoned her cheek, dried up her tears; and she proceeded to the next letter; it contained an account of Columbus's safe return. After having encountered innumerable perils, he landed at Palos in Spain, on the 15th of March, 1493. After which several other letters announce another voyage, in which he was more successful than the first, returning laden with ingots of gold, with pearls, with diamonds, and immense plates of silver.

But his success, and the homage the populace seemed inclined to pay him, awakened a spirit of envy in those who had at first opposed, or treated as the chimeras of a disordered fancy, his plans for the discovery of a distant continent. They had not time to bring their plots to ripen, before he again embarked for America, with a large

c 6

company

pany of volunteers, gentlemen of the first rank in Spain, amongst which was his own son, Don Ferdinando. A farewell letter from this young gentleman to his mother, was the first that awakened Cora's attention; it was dated in June 1498. "That was the time," said she, "that was the very voyage, which I so well remember."—"Were you eight years old then, Cora?" said Columbia.—"Yes, I was indeed," replied Cora; "but I remember every circumstance as well as if it had passed but yesterday!"—"Then do tell me, dear Cora," said Columbia, "tell me all; for in listening to the recital of a person who was present whilst the events they relate happened, it seems as if you were transported to the very scene, and witness to the incidents recited."

CHAP. IV.

New Scenes, new Men, new Manners.

“IT was on the first of August,” said Cora, drawing herself forward, whilst memory seemed upon the stretch to recal events so long past, “it was, as near as I can recollect, about the beginning of August, when my mother, who was chief attendant about the royal children of Orrozombo, King of Peru, was ordered to attend the Queen and her children to a palace newly built on the sea-coast, a great distance from the capital. I shall never forget it; it was as fine a morning as ever shone. The Princess Orrabella was the oldest of five daughters; for my royal master never had a son, and she was looked upon as our future Queen. I was then, as I told you, but eight years old, quite delighted with our new habitation. I followed the Princess, with whom I was a great favourite, from one apartment to another, till we reached the top. There, as we stood looking toward the sea, we saw a monstrous fish or bird, for it was impossible to tell which

which it was ; its body was black, its wings white ; it was coming quick toward the shore. The Princess shrieked. The King and Queen had, from a lower apartment, observed the same monster hastily approaching ; and ordering forth the guards, bade them draw up on the beach, and as it drew near discharge their arrows at it. But, Oh terrible ! if I was to live a thousand years, I never shall forget how frightened every creature was, when the huge monster, drawing quite near, stopped on a sudden, and dropping all his wings, a burst of fire and smoke issued from its side with tremendous noise. Many fell to the earth with terror, as this dreadful phenomena was repeated three times. When our fears were in some measure abated, we plainly saw living creature move upon it, and soon a smaller fish of the same kind, only without wings, came from its side, and several men were borne by it quite to the shore. The guards affrighted, dared not discharge their arrows, but let their bows fall, and gazed in silent wonder. The King, the Queen, and all the royal children were standing on the shore. The Princess Orrabella was ever brave and undaunted ; she stood leaning on my mother's arm, the foremost of them all. I had hid my face in her robe ; but though afraid to look long on the

the
to
im
are
yo
sup
to
tic
“
no
be
w
h
o
n
f
f
c
h
t
h

the terrifying object, I now and then drew it aside to peep at a creature so wonderful."

"But my good Cora," cried Columba, rather impatient at the old woman's prolixity, "if you are thus particular, you will never get to the end of your story. This monster, as you describe it, I suppose was the ship that bore the great Columbus to the Peruvian coast, and the little fish you mention was the boat in which he landed."

"Well, I know that," replied Cora, angrily; "but I like to tell a story my own way. If I am not allowed to tell all the particulars, I shall never be able to tell it at all." Columbia smiled, and was silent.

Cora again began, but she so often interrupted herself, telling the same incidents several times over, and dwelling on each with a tiresome minuteness, that Columbia, though anxious, could scarcely command her attention to the end of the story. From it she gathered the following circumstances.

Columbus, though he had made two voyages before, one when he made St. Salvadora, and another with relief and supplies for the colony he had left there, had not discovered the part of the American continent of which Cora was a native, till his third voyage, when many noblemen and cavaliers
from

from the court of Spain accompanied him in his expedition, in hopes of sharing at once the glory and emolument the discoveries were likely to produce. Amongst the gallant group of gentlemen was Ferdinando, only son of Columbus: he landed with his father, both richly habited, and followed by a train of cavaliers equally gay. With white flags waving, and their drawn swords pointed towards the earth, they advanced to the party described by Cora to be assembled on the shore. Orrabella, struck with the majestic yet conciliating mien of Columbus, perhaps more with the personal beauty and elegant deportment of Ferdinando, who advanced at his right hand, pressed forward to meet them; and with a countenance at once expressive of wonder, admiration, and timidity, her right arm, extended, seemed a barrier to prevent their approaching her parents and sisters, whilst laying her left hand on her breast, she knelt to the ground, raising her fine eyes in token of supplication. Ferdinando raised her, laid his sword at her feet, and throwing a string of beads about her neck, told her, in the language of nature, which is alike understood in all nations, that she had nothing to fear.

Orrozombo, assured of their friendly intentions, received them cordially, and shewed them every

mark

mark
nent
bars
form
Span
D
tarric
num
able
love
Span
him
foun
quic
stan
mut
earl
Col
of i
Or
this
ful
ha
Sci
tie

of

mark of hospitality. They resided on the continent many months, collecting ingots of pure gold, bars of silver, with pearls, diamonds, and coral, forming the most wealthy cargo ever borne into a Spanish port.

During the time Columbus and his followers tarried at the Peruvian court, Ferdinando had numberless opportunities of improving the favourable impresson his first appearance made on the lovely Orrabella. He soon instructed her in the Spanish tongue; and with equal facility, became himself a proficient in her native language. He found her possessed of strong powers of mind, quick perception, ready wit; in short an understanding capable of the highest improvement. The mutual passion that subsisted between them was early discovered, and encouraged by their parents. Columbus looked forward to the union as a mean of insuring wealth and power to his posterity, and Orrozombo imagined, by resigning his daughter to this young stranger, he secured to himself a powerful friend and ally in Columbus: for the Spaniards had taught his subjects many of the useful arts; and Science, by their means, began to unfold her beauties to the delighted Monarch and his court.

Upon their marriage, Orrozombo gave up part of his territories to Columbus, as a portion for his daughter;

daughter; and a colony was begun, where every thing was regulated according to the Spanish form of government.

This being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the adventurers prepared to revisit their native land; and the royal bride of Ferdinando determined to go with her husband. Several of her attendants were appointed to accompany her; amongst whom was the mother of Cora, who, at the Princess's request took her daughter with her. With many tears did Orrabella quit her parents and sisters—tears which seemed to forebode they would never meet again! Alas! Avarice had discovered this new world was an inexhaustible mine of wealth; and, not content to share its blessings in common with the natives, came with rapine, war, and devastation in her train! and as she tore open the bowels of the earth to gratify her insatiate thirst for gold, her steps were marked with blood!

CHAP. V.

Ingratitude and Perfidy.

THE ship in which Ferdinando and his bride embarked was destined to proceed immediately to Spain; but Columbus himself, in a small caravel, determined to cross over to Hispaniola, and visit a colony which now began to wear a very flourishing appearance. Many families had emigrated from Spain, some of considerable distinction; and Columbus had, previous to his embarkation, solicited the government of this colony for an indigent friend, hoping he might in the new world retrieve his ruined fortunes. It was partly a wish to see how his intention succeeded, that prompted him to visit Hispaniola at this time. The reception he met with, and the manner of his return to Spain, Columbia found in the following letter.

COLUMBUS TO HIS SON FERDINANDO.

Cadix Harbour, 1499.

"THY father is returned, my dear son—returned to his native land. But how? Not as an enterprising

prizing spirit, whose plans had proved successful, should return—but as a traitor to his King, loaded with ignominious chains. Oh my brave boy! I see thy noble spirit fire at the intelligence. But beware; conceal the workings of thy honest soul. To prosper in this ungrateful world, you must wear the mask of hypocrisy; wear the semblance of humility, honesty, patriotism, till you have obtained some favourite point, then throw them aside as useless, and glory in the success of your stratagems.

“Pardon me, my son, I write from the impulse of a broken heart. I know you would scorn such advice if seriously given, even from a father; but I have suffered so much from ingratitude and duplicity, and have seen those who practise them most, seem to succeed the best, that I would willingly shut my eyes on the light of day, and sink into eternal rest. My dear Ferdinando, your father has received a wound no time can heal. Surely we must hope, that in the blest abodes of immortality, the soul retains no remembrance of what passed in this sublunary state, else certain I am, that the delights of paradise itself would be alloyed by the retrospect of the ignominy I have endured, and the chains I have worn.

“And

“ And what will that treasure of my soul, thy adored mother, say? How will my Beatina bear the degradation of her Columbus? Will not her father (but lately reconciled to his child) again spurn her from him? And will not her haughty brothers and sisters pour their insolent reproaches on the wife of a disgraced, a ruined favourite? Your lovely Orrabella too! Alas! I greatly fear, whilst we were hospitably entertained at her father’s court, we were ungratefully paving the way for the introduction of war, rapine, and destruction! Yet witness, ye immortal Powers! I am innocent! I sought not new worlds for conquest, or for power; I felt, forcibly felt, the blessings of Christianity, the comforts resulting from a commercial intercourse with other nations. I vainly thought those blessings, through my means, might be extended, and earnestly wished them participated by the whole world. But I am venting the sorrows of my agonized soul, and forget you are a stranger to what has caused them. Oh! ever, ever may you remain a stranger to such anguish! May my son never experience how far beyond all other miseries which malice can inflict, or human nature suffer, is the torture occasioned by the poisoned sting of ingratitude. But to my sad tale.

“Light

“Light pleasant gales, and a smooth sea quickly bore the caravel in which I embarked to Hispaniola. A certain emblem of the vicissitudes of human life; for how often does the sun of prosperity gild the horizon, and its delightful airs play around and fascinate the senses, whilst the storms of adversity hang unobserved, ready to burst on our devoted heads.

“Roldan (whom you must remember was appointed through my intercession to the government of this colony) received me with the greatest marks of respect, and a profusion of compliments. I ought to have been upon my guard, and suspected his excessive adulation. His professions of gratitude and attachment pained me; but as I knew the present affluent state of himself and family originated from my friendship, I attributed all to the noblest motives, nor once suspected, that as I held him to my bosom, I was enfolding a serpent, that waited but an opportunity to sting me to the heart.

“The morning after my arrival the natives thronged in crowds to see me, and in the most tumultuous manner expressed their joy at my return. Roldan, with an insidious smile, warned me to beware of giving them too much encouragement. ‘They are,’ said he. ‘an encroaching set of wretches, and will torment you with complaints, which,

which, as they exist only in their own imaginations, it is not in your power to redress. You had better speak to them a little sternly, and dismiss them to their homes.'

'How?' said I, rather surprised, "I do not rightly understand you. What privilege can these people solicit from you or me, which they have not a right to demand? Is not this continent theirs by right of nature? And is not the privilege of living here unmolested enjoyed by us through their unsuspecting good nature, and the confidence they place in our honest intentions? And shall we abuse this confidence, repay their hospitality by infringing their natural rights? Heaven forbid! If they have complaints to make, it is our duty to hear, and to the utmost of our power redress them.'

"As I spoke with fervour, I observed the countenance of Roldan change: a livid paleness overspread his face; his eyes gleamed, his lips trembled, and every feature expressed a rage which he in vain attempted to conceal by a haggard smile.

'All is not as it should be,' said I mentally; 'I will enquire into the nature of the complaints he seems so anxious to evade. If Roldan has made an unjust use of his power, it is not our past friendship shall screen him from my reproach, or lead me
to

to continue him in a station he appears inadequate to fill.'

"Full of these thoughts, I immediately set an enquiry on foot concerning the general conduct of Roldan and his officers: I found they had grossly abused the power entrusted to them; that they had distressed and treated the natives in many cases with the utmost barbarity! and that this arbitrary governor had supported the Spaniards in every act of injustice or enormity they chose to commit.

"Having traced these grievances to their source, I requested a council might be called; and then in the most forcible language I could think of, yet with temper and mildness, I represented to them all the iniquity of their proceedings, conjured them to redress the injuries they had committed, and to reform the government. Some few seemed pleased with my remonstrance, but the greater part heard me in fullen silence.

"Roldan thanked me, with a sarcastic smile, for my advice; but at the same time told me he held his office by a commission from the royal Ferdinand, and to him only was accountable for his actions. I was thunderstruck by his speech and manner, and left the council-room in a perturbation of mind not easily described.

"Amongst

"Amongst the officers under the command of Roldan in this settlement, was a young man of dissolute manners, named Diego: he was younger son to a noble family; but having dissipated a considerable fortune, and from being at first only weak and foolish, having become vicious, his friends thought proper to solicit employment for him in the new settlement, and he was accordingly appointed third in command. This man I found the bosom confidante and privy counsellor of Roldan. His rapacity knew no bounds; his passions were his only master; and hurried by them to dreadful excesses, he committed crimes at which humanity at once blushed and trembled. Though the very little knowledge I had of Diego had by no means prejudiced me in his favour, I could not have supposed he would have perpetrated crimes of the blackest die without compunction, or that Roldan would have openly dared to sanction his licentiousness; but I was at length fatally convinced, that when vice and folly are leagued together, there is no wickedness, however horrible, at which they will hesitate.

"Bruna was the only child of a venerable Indian, whose possessions were extensive and valuable. I had cultivated a friendship with the father of Bruna, when first the settlement was formed; and

both myself and followers experienced from him the kindness and attention which nature, when unadulterated by art, is ever ready to offer to the friendless, or the stranger. His dwelling was at our service; he supplied us plentifully with goat's milk, the flesh of deer, dried maize, and other comforts of life, which, to men who had experienced a tedious and wearisome voyage, were real luxuries.

“Bruna, at this time, was a lovely child of about twelve years old; she was wild and untutored;—but there was something so engaging in her manner, so fascinating in her vivacity, that I could not see her daily without becoming insensibly attached to her. Her curiosity was unbounded; and the surest way to become a favourite with her, was by gratifying a propensity, which in general was directed to laudable objects. I was charmed with her artless thirst for knowledge, and employed my leisure moments in instructing her. But though eager to learn, that very eagerness counteracted her wishes: She was too hasty and impetuous to allow herself sufficient time to become a proficient in any thing; therefore all my attention could do, was to give her a trifling knowledge of the Spanish language. For when I spoke to her of the customs and manners of the European world, she would
laugh

laugh, and declare her own country manners were best; for she could not possibly think any duty obliged us to conceal our thoughts, or that any custom whatever could make it laudable to speak one thing and think another. I give you this slight sketch of her character, that you might not be surprised at what I have to relate concerning this Indian heroine.

“ It was about ten days after my arrival, as I was walking a few miles from the plantation, and remarking the improvement agriculture had made on the face of this beautiful fertile continent, when, in a low-built hovel, I saw an ancient Indian seated on the ground; his elbows rested on his knees, his hands clasped his forehead, as his head reclined upon them. I stopped for a moment, to contemplate a figure so striking; and, as I paused, the sighs that broke from his agitated bosom went to my very heart. The noise I undesignedly made, as I moved nearer the hovel, occasioned him to raise his head. I was amazed; it was the father of Bruna! He gazed for a moment eagerly upon me; then springing forward, fell on his knees, kissed my hands, my feet, the very hem of my garments. In vain I attempted to raise him; he prostrated himself on the earth, and laid my hand upon his head, in token of owning me for his master.

“Pray rise, my worthy friend,” said I, “and tell me what is the meaning of this humiliation? who has caused the change I perceive to have taken place in your circumstances?”

“Christians! Christians!” replied he with vehemence, gnashing his teeth as he spoke; “they have plundered me of my wealth, torn my child from my arms; but you are come, and I shall be revenged.” The confidence this poor Indian seemed to have in my integrity filled my eyes with tears.

“Yes,” said I, “tell me who has treated you thus barbarously; and if I have the power, you shall have ample restitution.” “Alas!” cried the old man, “of what avail will be the restitution of my wealth, unless you can restore my child, my darling to my arms, pure and unspotted?”

“He then informed me, that soon after the arrival of Roldan at the settlement, an entire change took place in the government: vice was tolerated, private property not in the least regarded, but every thing subjected to the lawless power of the new governor and his favourite.

“Diego saw Bruna; her beauty kindled in his bosom an unholy flame; he solicited her love, and was rejected. He dared attempt her chastity, and was repulsed with scorn. That moment sealed the ruin of her father. Diego complained to Roldan, that

that the father of Bruna refused to submit to the Spanish laws, and had even treated him with contempt and derision, who had endeavoured to enforce them. Roldan, glad of an opportunity to gratify his ruling passion, which was avarice, gave ear to the complaint of his favourite; and driving the unoffending Indian from a home he had inherited from his ancestors, seized on all his valuable property, ostensibly in the name of the Spanish King, but in reality to enrich his own private coffers.

"Bruna, unknowing to what danger she exposed herself, and thinking this piece of injustice was entirely the act of Diego, flew to the governor for redress. Her tears, her innocent supplications, had no effect on the obdurate heart of Roldan! he inhumanely rejected her suit, detained her person, and gave her into the power of Diego. This horrid scene was acted but the day before my arrival.

"You shall have justice, old man," said I; 'come with me.' He followed me to the house of the governor. At sight of him Roldan started, and turned pale; but soon recovering himself, he asked him, in a stern voice, what he did there. 'He comes for justice,' said I; 'he comes to demand restitution of his property, of which he has been robbed,

robbed, and his daughter, who is unjustly detained from him.' 'The artful wretch has imposed on you,' said Roldan fiercely; 'but go, slave,' turning to the Indian, 'get from my sight, and be thankful your insolence does not cost you your life.' I was preparing to reply in a proper manner to this inhuman tyrant, when Bruna rushed into the apartment, her hair dishevelled, her garments disordered, and her eyes wild with terror. She threw herself into her father's arms, and gave way to a violent gush of tears; but the tenderness that seemed to overcome her was but momentary. She recovered herself, and raising her head, looked round with a kind of sullen dignity. Her eyes met mine. Perceiving she knew me, I offered her my hand, and was proceeding to comfort her; but with a rejecting motion, she put back my proffered hand, and covering her face with both her own, turned from me. I instantly comprehended the extent of the injury she had sustained, and my soul shuddered within me.

"Roldan's agitation was too great to escape notice; he attempted twice to speak, but words were denied him. His pale countenance betrayed his guilty heart.

"At length he hesitatingly told Bruna, if that was her father, and she had forcibly been detained
from

from him, she was now at liberty to return home. The poor girl stood, for a moment, the image of mute despair; then raising her hands and eyes to Heaven, cried, 'Home! No! never! Bruna is the daughter of the chaste Lilah, and was instructed, by the wise precepts of her father, to prize her honour above her life. Their mansion was the dwelling of innocence, piety, and virtue; and never will their wretched daughter carry pollution thither.' Then turning towards her father, she made as though she would have embraced him;—but with a kind of involuntary shudder, shrunk again from him, and drawing a dagger she had concealed in her bosom, plunged it in her heart.

"This sudden unexpected event threw the governor and all his attendants into the utmost confusion. The servants, terrified, opened the doors; and a concourse of people, Spaniards as well as natives, rushed in. The bleeding form of the lovely Bruna, the agonizing sorrow of her father, acted like a talisman on the minds of the people; and in a few hours the whole settlement was in a state of insurrection. Justice! justice! was the cry: deliver up Diego to our power, or we will extirpate the race of Christians from amongst us. Roldan, in this exigence, applied to me to quiet the enraged multitude. I spoke to them; I promised
D 4 they

they should have ample justice! I soothed them by speaking of the virtues of Bruna, and execrating the author of her ruin, and consequent death; and at length persuaded them to depart quietly to their homes; assuring them that Diego was in confinement, and should be made to suffer, to the extent of the law, the punishment due to his crimes.

“After a day of such unusual agitation, I retired to my apartment. Fatigued in body, and distressed in mind, sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and I was ruminating on the best means to appease the irritated natives, when a band of Roldan’s guards entered my chamber, and arrested me as a traitor to my king, accused me of being disaffected to his government, and inflaming the minds of his subjects in Hispaniola to rebellion. Resistance or remonstrance was vain; they were the tools of arbitrary power, and I submitted in silence. They manacled my hands and feet, and putting a gag in my mouth, conveyed me on board a vessel lying in the harbour. Yes, Ferdinando, your father was chained, and sent to his native country as a traitor!

“As soon as I was on board, and the guard departed, I found, by the motion of the vessel, we were under way; the wind was fair, and she left the shores of Hispaniola with rapidity.

“About

“ About two hours after daylight, the captain entered the cabin where I was, and entreated my pardon for having been obliged to act contrary to his inclinations. ‘ I am but a servant,’ and must obey those whom the King has set over me. I am ordered to keep you a close prisoner till our arrival in Spain ; but here I shall dare to transgress my orders so far as to release you from your chains.’— He then advanced to take off the insulting badges of my disgrace, but I forbid him. ‘ No, Don Sancho,’ said I, ‘ if I am guilty, I will suffer the sentence my sovereign may think proper to pass on me with resignation. If I have been unjustly accused, to him do I look for redress ; into his presence will I go, loaded with these ignominious bonds ; and when my innocence is proved, from his hands only will I accept of liberty.’

“ Hasten then, my dear son, on the immediate receipt of this, to my royal mistress and patroness ; deliver to her own hand the enclosed few lines ; and should she condescend to request it, lay the contents of this letter before her. Comfort and console your angel mother ere you leave her. Embrace your charming wife for me. Whilst I live, you share my heart amongst you. ‘ The strong sense I have of my present injuries, is only for your sakes : for of what consequence would the smiles

or frowns of Princes be to me, were not my wife and children to be involved in my disgrace, or exalted by my success and honour. Hasten, my son, after you have fulfilled this commission, to the arms of your father: come, my brave boy, and by a filial tear heal the anguish which at present corrodes the heart of

COLUMBUS."



CHAP. VI.

Retribution.

COLUMBIA could only pause for a moment to wipe off the tears which, spite of her endeavours to repress them, would rush to her eyes. She then proceeded to the next letter.

FERDINANDO TO HIS MOTHER.

"HAD I a conveyance, swift as my own impatience, to forward to my revered mother the joyful

ful tidings of my father's triumph over his enemies, the wings of the wind would be too tardy to bear this to your hands. Yes, my dear mother, Columbus, the great, the enterprizing Columbus, is restored to all his former dignity, and even fresh honours are heaped upon him. But I know you wish me to be particular; and how can I be more pleasingly employed than in recounting the noble conduct of a father, and obeying the commands of the best of mothers?

“When, in obedience to my father's mandate, I repaired to court, and requested an audience with the royal Isabelle, I was, within a few hours after the request was made, admitted. An unusual gloom, almost approaching to severity, was cast over a countenance, which heretofore had only on me beamed smiles of benevolence: it chilled me to the heart. I approached with extreme agitation; and, bending one knee to the ground, presented the sealed paper which was enclosed in my father's letter. The Queen paused for a moment, seemingly irresolute whether or not to break the seal. My agitation encreased, my knees trembled, my heart beat violently. My disorder did not pass unnoticed. ‘Calm your fears, Ferdinand,’ said Isabelle, as she at length opened the letter; ‘your father has, it is true, powerful enemies; but if his

D 6

innocence

1

innocence is apparent, he will ever find in me a steady, powerful friend.' I bowed in grateful acknowledgement of her goodness, and she in silence perused the letter. A crimson glow overspread her face as she read; it seemed the glow of resentment, as, folding the paper, she unlocked a small cabinet, and deposited it among some other writings.

"You have a letter from Columbus," said she, 'permit me to see it.' I presented it. 'Go,' said she, taking it from me, 'retire in peace: the success of my hero has awakened the envy of those who had not courage to follow his example; he has been traduced to the King: but Isabelle will not suffer a man, whose merit she esteems, and whose cause she espouses, to be injured with impunity.'

"Charmed by these condescending expressions, I bowed and retired. In about two hours I received a mandate, signed by the Queen's hand, ordering me to repair immediately to the port, and conduct my injured father to her presence. 'Take off his chains,' were the words, 'and let him come to his sovereign, attended with all the respect and honour a man deserves, who, whilst he was adding new territories to our crown, whilst he had it in his power to heap up mines of wealth for his own coffers, forgot not the cause of humanity, and rather than countenance one act of tyranny, hazarded the

the

the displeasure of his King, the loss of his fortune, nay even life itself;—but his sovereign shall reward him.’

“ Her Majesty’s own servants and mules attended my commands; and quick as it was possible I pursued my journey, and flew to the arms of my father. Our meeting was beyond description. The agitation of his mind had affected his health; his countenance was pale and dejected, his person neglected. I offered to take off his fetters, shewed him the Queen’s mandate, but in vain. ‘I will go to my royal mistress,’ said he, ‘but I will go as I am.’ When he saw the servants that attended to conduct him—‘poor pageantry!’ said he, ‘pitiful recompense for the injuries I have received!—No, no, I will have no attendants: I am a disgraced man, and will enter the metropolis with as little noise as possible;—obscurity and silence suits best with dishonour. But mark me, my son, as my disgrace has been public, so shall be my justification.’ There was such majesty in his manner, such fixed resolution in his looks, I dared not oppose him. I dismissed the retinue that attended; and with only my own servant accompanied my father, by the most unfrequented roads, to the court of Ferdinand and Isabelle.

“It

“It was about twelve o'clock when we arrived, and orders were given for our immediate admission. Never shall I forget the countenance of the royal Isabelle, when she beheld her hero enter thus encumbered with the testimonies of his disgrace. The King and Queen were seated at the upper end of the presence-chamber, attended by many noblemen and cavaliers, tried friends of my father, and some whom I knew to be his enemies. Columbus entered the door a few steps, then making a full stop, bent his knee to the ground, and raising his manacled hands, attempted to speak; but pride, resentment, wounded honour, swelled his brave heart nearly to bursting; and spite of his endeavours to suppress them, the scalding tears rolled down his pale face. It was a reproach more poignant than words could have conveyed.

“Isabelle rose from her seat, her own eyes glistening with the dew of sensibility, and advancing to my father, raised him. ‘Rise, my brave Admiral,’ said she, ‘and let thy Queen take of these fetters, of which she has more cause to be ashamed than you have.’ Then leading him to the King, ‘Royal Sir,’ said she, ‘how shall we recompense this worthy man for the undeserved humiliation he has received?’—‘Columbus,’ said Ferdinand, ‘I blush for the indignities offered you in the person of
of

of my representative ; but you shall have ample revenge. Go to your wife and friends, indulge awhile in ease, and recruit your strength and spirits ; in the mean time, I will give orders for the preparation of a fleet superior to any you have yet commanded ; in it you shall return to our new colonies, of the whole of which I from this moment create you viceroy, giving you unlimited power to create or displace officers, and distribute rewards and punishments at pleasure ;—I know it is a power you will not abuse. Go, valliant chief, and reign over a people, whom you have conquered by practising humanity, not the arts of war. But take those fetters from my sight,’ continued he ; ‘ that Columbus ever wore them, will cast a lasting shade on my memory ; and ages yet unborn, when they shall hear the tale related, will accuse Ferdinand of ingratitude.’

‘ Pardon me, gracious Sire,’ said my father, placing his foot on the chains as one of the guards attempted to remove them ; ‘ these fetters are mine ; I purchased them with fatigue and danger, went through many perils by sea and land to obtain them, nor will I lightly part with them. Wherever I go, they shall go with me ; I will contemplate them every day, lest prosperity should make me forget, on what a frail tenure I hold my happiness. I

will look at them; and whilst I recollect the anguish I felt when they were imposed on me, learn to be cautious how I attempt to inflict the same misery on a fellow-creature. When I am unhappy, I will cheer my heart by the remembrance, that the moment when my royal mistress took these fetters off my hands, was the most transporting moment of my life, for it reinstated me in the good opinion of my sovereign, gave my friends cause for exultation, and covered my enemies with confusion.'

"Ferdinand was silent. Isabelle smiled; it was a smile of triumph. 'You must do as you please,' said she. Then turning to the guard, 'convey them to wherever Columbus orders; his intrepid spirit can convert even fetters into badges of distinction.'

"Their Majesties then left the chamber, followed by the court, and in a moment I was locked in the arms of my father, and mingled with him some of the most delicious tears I ever shed. Tell my lovely Orrabella, in a few hours after she receives this, I shall be at her feet. Yes, my revered mother, I shall behold once more all the dearest objects of my affections united in one family circle; I shall see your dear countenance beam with heartfelt satisfaction—see my father happy in the bosom
of

of his family ; and in the smiles of my Orrabella and her sweet infant, enjoy every felicity of which human nature is capable.—Farewel till we meet.

FERDINANDO.”

The next paper Columbia opened had the appearance more of a manuscript than a letter ; it consisted of several sheets of paper, wrote on all sides ; it was from the wife of Columbus, addressed to her grand-daughter Isabelle.

BEATINA TO ISABELLE.

Valladolid, 1520.

“AS the perusal of the inclosed letters and papers will no doubt awaken in the bosom of my dear Isabelle a curiosity to learn the events that followed this triumph of Columbus over his enemies ; and as I think it necessary to inform her, not only of her descent from the native Kings of Peru, but also of the fate of her parents, who now, alas ! are on more, I have taken up my pen to trace every circumstance that may tend to prove your right to the sovereignty of Quito, and the surrounding territories, if hereafter you should think it worth contending

tending for. But as I leave you, my dear child, in the protection of my own family; and am fully sensible that my nephew, the Marquis Guidova, will take such care of your fortune (now ample) that by the time you are of age to peruse these papers, you will be one of the richest heiresses in Spain. I fondly hope you will not suffer the vain ambition of bearing the empty title of Queen to influence your conduct, or tempt you to throw away the real blessings of life in pursuit of shadows and toys.

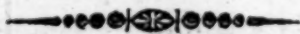
"I am old, my dear Isabelle, and have lived to bury all my dearest affections in the silent grave, except the kindly lambent flame that warms my languid heart when I behold your innocent smiles, and listen to your lively prattle. You are now scarcely five years old; I cannot therefore expect to live to see you enter on the busy stage of life. Let me entreat you then (and think as you peruse this, your grandmother speaks to you from the grave), let me entreat you to pay the strictest attention to the advice of your uncle and his amiable wife: certain I am they will never impose harsh commands; and to them I leave the full power of controlling and directing you during the dangerous period of youth.

"One

“One thing I think it proper you should know : in the choice of a partner for life (though I would wish you to consult those dear friends), you are entirely your own mistress. At the age of twenty-one, your fortune will be put in your own power. But, Isabelle, remember the royal race from whence you sprang, and do not disgrace it by an ignoble alliance. It is not wealth, it is not titles, I would have you seek; no, my child—seek courage, honour, good sense, and polished manners;—these constitute true nobility; it was these so eminently distinguished the great Columbus—made him the delight of our sex, the envy of his own.

“I say you are your own mistress; in every point but one you are so. I charge you, Isabelle, as you value your eternal peace, unite not your fate with that of a heretic. Should you unhappily feel a growing inclination for one of those impious innovators on the rights and ceremonies of our holy mother church, repel it with your utmost power, for in that case your guardian has my authority peremptorily to refuse his sanction to your union. And should you form such a connexion in defiance of his absolute commands, your fortune, on the instant of your marriage, becomes forfeit, and will go to the Marquis’s eldest son. My wishes to see you not only temporally but eternally
happy,

happy, have led me to make this point indisputable ; but I trust it is a needless caution, since you will be brought up in the true religion, in the religion of your ancestors, and will feel a just abhorrence for those licentious wretches, who arrogantly stile themselves reformers. Of all the European courts, none are so infested with this sect as the English. Beware, then ; and when you behold a gay, accomplished Englishman, and many such visit the court of Spain, before you venture too nearly to contemplate his seeming virtues and graces, say within yourself, may not this man be tinctured with the principles I am cautioned to avoid ?—Think thus, avoid him, and be happy.”



CHAP. VII.

Return to the new World.

“ALAS!” said Columbia, laying down the paper, “I now see the source from whence sprang all my dear mother’s sorrow : She was bred in the Catholic persuasion, and my father tempted her to disobey

disobey the rigid commands of her guardian, forfeit her fortune, embrace his faith, and leaving all her connexions in Spain, follow him to England. Poor bigotted Beatina ! little did you think, when making your will, that you signed the mandate for your grandchild's misery ! For what might not avarice tempt the son of the Marquis Guidova to do ? Might not he wink at a marriage that was to invest him with all the vast wealth of the unfortunate Isabelle ? But perhaps I injure him ; he may be innocent of such an intention ; my misguided parents themselves may be alone to blame ; yet, knowing and adoring them as I do, how can I believe that possible ?" Thus was Columbia bewildered with conjecture. At length, thinking the manuscript might satisfy her curiosity, and remove her doubts, she again addressed herself to the perusal of it.

"It was the beginning of the year 1500, that the great Columbus embarked on board the fleet which Ferdinand had ordered to be equipped for his service (with all the attendance, ceremonies, &c. customary on such occasions), as viceroy of the new-discovered continent. Ferdinando was appointed Governor of the settlements in Peru. Myself, the Princess Orrabella, and her son Christopher, embarked with them. The King, Queen,
and

and all the court attended us to the water side ; a vast concourse of people crowded the shore, wearying Heaven with prayers for our happiness whilst absent, and our safe return. At parting from his august patroness, Columbus knelt to kiss her hand ; she raised him, and throwing a gold chain over his neck, by which her own portrait was suspended, ‘Go, my invincible hero,’ said she, ‘go and enjoy the reward of your labours : and if we never meet again on this side eternity, let my memory ever be dear to you ; for whilst you live, Columbus, you will never find a truer friend than you have found in Isabelle.’ As she finished speaking, she inclined her head towards him ; he respectfully saluted her cheek. ‘Heaven ever bless and defend my royal mistress and her august consort !’ said Columbus—‘And protect my hero,’ added the Queen. Then turning hastily to hide her tears, she rushed into the midst of her attendants, and retired. Yes, my child, the good, the noble-heated, royal Isabelle retired ; and we saw her no more. Before we returned, she slept in peace ; but her name shall be revered to after ages :—the brave and worthy will remember it with gratitude ; and the pious tears of millions yet unborn, shall sanctify her memory to all eternity.

“ It

“It was determined at our departure that the whole fleet should accompany Ferdinando and Orrabella to her native coast; and having seen him safely settled in his government, proceed to Hispaniola, and Roldan and his licentious associates home in the same disgraceful circumstances in which he had before ungratefully involved Columbus. A fine season favoured our voyage, and in less than two months from our embarkation, we saw the fertile shores of Peru rise upon our sight. The joy of Orrabella as she beheld her native land was beyond all bounds. ‘I shall see my father and mother,’ said she, ‘and embrace my dear sisters; I shall sit beside them for hours, and relate to them the wonders I have seen in your world; and only that they know my lips abhor falsehood, they would think some of the strange things I have to relate were nothing more than fictions.’ Then careressing her child, she would talk of the joy of her father’s subjects when they should behold her offspring, whom she fully believed was born to sway the sceptre of Peru.

“It was on the second day after we had discovered land, that we reached the desired harbour: but as we drew near, no shouts of joy welcomed our approach—no King, no guards, no exulting subjects appeared to greet us: all was silent, all
was

was desolate. Our hearts sunk within us. 'They are at Quito,' said Orrabella; but her pallid countenance and tremulous voice betrayed that she hardly dare hope what she asserted. 'We will land, however,' said Columbus. Accordingly the boat was hoisted out, and we proceeded to the shore. When within a few yards of the beach, a party of armed men appeared: their dress, their arms, bespoke them Spaniards. Our fleet bore the standard of Spain; we could not fear our countrymen as foes. Columbus addressed them from the boat in terms of amity; they returned a haughty answer. However, they permitted us to land. But Oh! Isabelle, what were our feelings, when we discovered this beautiful continent had been invaded by a party of freebooters, its hospitable inhabitants rifled of all their treasures, many of them massacred, and the remainder driven into the interior parts of the country. The palace Orrozombo was converted into a den for these robbers, where riot and intemperance reigned without control. The settlers left by Columbus, adhering to the interest of the King and natives, were driven with them to seek an asylum in the woods and mountains.

"The chief of these banditti was named Garcias, fierce, cruel, and vindictive. He received Columbus with a gloomy haughtiness of demeanor; and

and when questioned as to his right in these dominions, he scornfully replied, 'By the right of conquest, not by a ridiculous family compact with a savage.' Orrabella was present when Garcias thus insulted her family. 'Insolent Spaniard!' said she, her eyes darting lightning, her fine face and person uncommonly animated by the fire of resentment; 'insolent Spaniard! the King, my father, though you term him a savage, was your superior in every virtue. What though unpolished, he had but nature for his guide; that nature taught him humanity, honour, patience, fortitude; and Orro-zombo would have died rather than deceive a friend, or insult a fallen foe. Oh my father! my father!' continued she, bursting into an agony of tears, 'where are you now? Where is my revered mother, my poor defenceless sisters? Tell me, barbarian, have you entirely extirpated the race of the children of the sun, or do you hold the lawful King of this territory in bondage, whilst you usurp his rights, and riot in the spoils of his devoted subjects? If so, Oh! lead me to the dungeon where you have confined him, that I may weep in his arms, and die with grief to see my King, my father, a slave to the nation he had vainly hoped to have held in eternal bonds of friendship, and gave his child as a hostage of his faith towards them! Alas! what hostage

did he require to ensure their faith to him? None; his noble heart harboured not deceit, not could suspect it in another.'

"From these pathetic remonstrances and lamentations of Orrabella, we perceived she suspected Columbus and Ferdinando were knowing to the voyage and consequent invasion of Gracias and his lawless band; but in this she was soon undeceived: for Columbus, irritated by the insolence of Gracias, threatened him with speedy vengeance unless he informed him where Orrozombo and the royal family were. Gracias laughed at his menaces; but on being informed that Columbus was deputed viceroy of all the new-discovered lands on that side the globe, and being requested to do homage to him as the representative of his royal master, Ferdinand, or expect the punishment due to a pirate, a traitor, and a robber, he became more humble, and many of his followers, understanding the dangerous predicament in which they stood, declared themselves ready to support the new viceroy in the discharge of his duty as the King's delegate, and as such swore allegiance to him.

"It was then we learned that Gracias Du Ponty, a Castilian by birth, young, dissolute, and ambitious, having heard of the success of Columbus, and the vast treasures himself and followers had brought

brought from the new world, resolved to make an experiment himself; and having, by promises of large future reward, and some rich presents artfully bestowed, won over an experienced mariner (who had been the last voyage with your grandfather, and returned in the ship with Orrabella), to undertake to navigate his vessel, and give directions to the pilots of the rest of the fleet how to follow him; Garcias prevailed on a number of young Castilian noblemen and gentlemen to embark on the expedition: they applied for no letters of leave from Ferdinand; for had they, it is most probable they would have been prevented pursuing this (in the end) ruinous voyage.

“A large fleet collected from the different ports of Spain, met in the Mediterranean sea many other mariners who wished to pursue their good fortune, and not being content to wait till another fleet should be sent out by the King's orders, were eager to embark with these licentious noblemen, and direct their course to the land where they imagined they were to become petty princes, and revel in all the luxuries which nature could afford, or unbounded wealth supply.

“This fleet was on the ocean at the time Columbus returned from Hispaniola. They had a more speedy voyage than their inhuman designs deserved;

deserved ; but Heaven often permits the wicked for a while to prosper, that the success of their lawless plans may become their punishment, and the reverse of fortune coming unexpected, may fall the heavier on them : and thus it proved with Gracias Du Ponty and his followers.

“ On their arrival on the coast of Peru, they found the King with his family, as was their custom, spending the summer at their palace on the banks of a river that mingles its waters with the ocean. Garcias and his party landed. Orrozombo, and indeed the Spanish settlers, believed them to be a party sent by Columbus to bring supplies to the colony, and received them with open arms, and every mark of affection. But alas ! they were too fatally undeceived, when these invaders of the rights of nature and the law of nations assumed the authority of masters, exacting enormous sums as tribute from the King, and forcing his subjects to labour in the mines, often rewarding those labours (when the produce of them was not equal to the inordinate avarice of their desires) with death.

Orrozombo, wearied by their repeated insolence, and terrified by their rapacity, entreated them to leave the continent, offering them immense treasures. But they were not thus to be satisfied :
they

they proceeded from one step to another, till neither age nor sex became a safeguard from their cruelties. The chaste wife and the pure virgin were violated in the presence of their parents and protectors, who, confined by these inhuman monsters, had not the power to rescue or revenge them.

“ Human nature, however patient, could not tamely endure such enormities. The natives and the Spaniards united their forces to endeavour to expel the invaders, but it was too late. They had sent a part of their company to search the interior country for mines; these returned, boasting of the ravages they had committed, and displaying the spoils they had gleaned. They had plundered every village through which they passed, and then set fire to it. Thousands of innocent families, thus deprived of their homes and all means of support, fled into the mountains, where many perished through famine, and the rest dragged on a wretched life, living on wild fruit, and what game their bows and arrows produced; sleeping in caves or recesses of the rocks; and too often their miserable existence was terminated by the fangs of the tiger or the lion. Flushed with success, the Castilians meditated only how to make an entire conquest of the country.

“Undisciplined in the arts of war, and though experiencing its effect every hour, still unsuspecting of treachery,—the Peruvians were at this time, by the art of the Spaniards, induced to throw aside their arms, and agree to terms of peace with Garcias, who assumed a graver demeanor, and made some slight concessions to Orrozombo for the misconduct of his companions, who by a few weeks of quiet regular behaviour, lulled him into security; then, when in full confidence of the faith of their enemies, the Peruvians, who had been celebrating the annual feast of the sun, at which these strangers had been admitted to participate; then, when parting from them in amity they tranquilly sunk to rest, then did the blood-thirsty Garcias and his detested crew rush on the defenceless victims, and massacre them without mercy and without remorse!

“Oh thou Power eternal! whose name is a tower of strength, and whose mercy is as infinite as thy wisdom, what shall we say, that these barbarians should call themselves thy servants, and bear the glorious appellation of Christians? Alas! mistaken men, the God you serve delighteth not in blood; his precept and example taught peace, mercy, and good will to all mankind. But the Peruvians were idolaters! cries the misguided enthusiast;—and so was Garcias and his followers; their idols
were

were avarice, ambition, luxury, and lawless passion; to them they bent the knee, and on their altars did they sacrifice millions of innocent people.—But I digress.

“Du Ponty, though the wretch his actions proclaim him, was handsome in his person, gay, lively, and gallant; his fair outside attracted the notice of Alzira, the youngest sister of Orrabella. Alzira was equally lovely as her sister, but she possessed not that greatness of soul, that intrepid firmness which characterized your mother. By nature soft, gentle, and complying, when the subtle Castilian, who read her passion in her admiring eyes, sued for some token of her favour, she hesitated not to own her love, and confess, could her father be brought to approve it, to be the wife of Du Ponty would constitute her chief felicity.

“But Garcias had not an idea of an honourable union; he meant to conquer her father’s kingdom; and had it in contemplation to degrade the fair Alzira to the station of a slave, for the amusement of his looser hours. On the night of the horrid massacre, Garcias was purposely in the apartment of the Princess, where he was frequently privately admitted after her parents were retired to rest. Alzira, who was listening to the adulating voice of her lover, did not at first attend to the confused murmur that ran

through the palace on the entrance of the Spaniards; but a sudden shriek, that seemed to come from the apartment of her mother, roused her dormant senses. She started, and would have run to the assistance of her parents, whom she imagined were suddenly taken ill, but reiterated shrieks which now issued from every room in the palace, made her pause, and she became a motionless statue of horror.

"The palace is beset," said Garcias; "let me bear you, lovely Alzira, to a place of safety; I will then return to the assistance of your father."—"Oh no! now, now rescue him, or let me die with him!" was all she could say before Du Ponty bore her in his arms out of the chamber and down the stairs. At the foot of these stairs she saw (by the light of torches which were every where flaming round) her father dragged by the hair of his head, whilst an inhuman wretch, regardless of his grey hairs and defenceless state, plunged a poniard in his bosom. Alzira, driven almost to madness at the sight, sprang from the arms of Garcias, and threw herself into those of the dying Monarch;—he knew his child, pressed her to his bosom, faintly articulated a blessing on her, and expired.

"Alzira's senses forsook her: in that state she was borne to the tent of her betrayer. The scene that followed is too horrid for repetition! Morning dawned,

dawned, and the ill-fated Princess awoke to a perfect sense of all the miseries of her situation. She wished for death ; but all means of accelerating that period was removed from her. She once conceived the thought of refusing all food, but had not resolution to persist. Garcias was attentive and kind ; he pretended to mourn with her the fate of her parents : she, not fully acquainted with his treachery, listened to his soothing, was consoled, and endured life for his sake. But uninterrupted possession brought on satiety, and at length indifference and disgust. Du Ponty neglected and treated her harshly. She felt her situation ; but she was now a mother, and more than ever attached to the father of her child : she dragged on a wretched existence, without joy, without hope, without even a dawn of comfort.

The natives of Peru, who had escaped the swords of the Castilians on that memorable night, failed not to attribute their misfortunes to their unhappy sovereign Orrozombo ; he had been slack in the observance of some of the ceremonious devotions directed to be paid to their deity, the sun : he had even doubted whether their religion was the true religion : he had refused to dedicate one of his daughters to the service of their god ; he had married the heiress of his crown and kingdom to a

stranger; who absolutely denied the divinity of the power they worshipped, and called their rites and ceremonies, absurdities and superstitions; and had suffered this stranger to carry her with him to a distant land;—these, in the eyes of the unenlightened Peruvians, were heinous offences, and had drawn down the wrath of their deity upon them; and thus, for the crimes of an individual, did they foolishly imagine a whole nation was punished.

“It was at this period our fleet arrived; but the name of Spaniard and of Christian had become hateful to the ears of the natives; not one therefore appeared to espouse the cause of Columbus, imagining, no doubt, that they should but expel one tyrant to make room for another. Some few ventured by stealth to come and see their Princess; but their spirits were depressed, and their expressions of love and duty consequently cold and languid. When she presented her son to them as their rightful King, they would shake their heads, and cry emphatically, “He is a Christian and a Spaniard!”

“Whilst Columbus was ardently labouring to reduce the Spaniards to some degree of subjection and order, at the same time striving to draw the natives back to the duty and allegiance they owed the Princess, the treacherous Du Ponty, who had
for

for some time worn the mask of friendship, in combination with some of the leaders of the banditti, had laid an infernal plot to burn our fleet, and then, having the few that might at the time be on shore entirely in their power, oblige them to submit to whatever terms they pleased to offer.

But this plot was providentially discovered by a young Peruvian maid, who, detained in the palace by Garcias to attend on Alzira, though too young to become a prey to any of his officers or associates, was yet old enough to detest their actions, weep over the ruin of her native country, and pray for some propitious hour to arrive, when its enemies might be punished. She had overheard Du Ponty discoursing with one of his comrades on their intended plan, on the very night before it was to be put in execution; and waiting till all was wrapt in silence, she stole from her apartment, and came to our tent. Having disclosed what knowledge she had obtained of their designs, Orrabella told her she should stay with us, and become one of her attendants; but she laid her hand on her heart and cried, ‘No, I cannot;’ then looking earnestly in the face of the Princess, she cried, ‘Poor Alzira! she is alive—she is miserable! I will live or die with her.’—‘Alive! my sister alive!’ said Orrabella, starting

from her seat; 'lead me to her—I will deliver her, or share her fate.'

"The impatience of the Princess was only to be stayed by the remonstrance of her husband and his father. 'Your precipitancy, my love,' cried Ferdinando, 'may ruin all. Our enemies are now wrapt in sleep; the time is favourable; we must repay treachery with treachery;—fall upon them whilst they are unprepared, and make them prisoners.'

"This resolution taken, Ferdinando took a small boat, and going to the ships, ordered from them a number of men, who were landed at different times, in several boats. The officers were informed of Garcia's intended treachery; the private soldiers and sailors were not told of it, lest the spirit of revenge might be more powerful than the respect they bore their commander, and tempt them in the first moment of passion to commit outrages at which they would have cause to blush hereafter. Columbus dispatched parties to the dwellings of the principal officers; these parties he took the command of himself. Ferdinando was appointed with a strong guard to invest the palace, which Du Ponty had made his own residence ever since the night when he put his unoffending inmates to the sword. Ferdinando knew every apartment, every secret room

room in it; and the private entrance by which the ill-fated Alzira used to admit her lover, was pointed out by the Indian girl.

“No persuasions, however urgent, could prevail on Orrabella not to accompany her husband, who, anxious for her safety, and more so on account of her situation, for she almost daily expected to present him with another pledge of mutual affection, earnestly entreated her not to go, promising to conduct her sister in safety to her, but in vain: Orrabella was not easily to be persuaded from doing what she conceived a duty. As I found her determined to go, I resolved to accompany her.

Through a small gate, at the utmost extent of the garden, we were all admitted, and about twenty yards from the house entered a door that appeared to be fixed in the side of a green sloping bank; this opened into an arched passage, which led to the cellars of the palace, which we traversed with no little perturbation; and ascending a flight of stairs, found ourselves in a spacious hall, when the young Indian, taking hold of Orrabella's hand, led her to the left, placing her finger on her mouth in token of silence. I followed; and entering a room, in the midst of which glimmered a pale lamp, perceived by its feeble beams an elegant female, habited in the

Peruvian dress, kneeling on the floor beside a bed, on which lay a sleeping infant. Her long hair hung negligently over her neck and shoulders; her arms were crossed on the bed, and her head rested between them. At the moment we entered, her sorrows were lulled into forgetfulness. At the noise we made (though it would have been scarcely perceptible to another ear, yet misery is wakeful, and starts at every sound), she raised her languid head, gazed earnestly at Orrabella, who sunk on her knees beside her. 'Sister! sister!' said she; and, throwing herself into her arms, fainted on her bosom.

"Whilst we were busied with Alzira, Ferdinando and his followers made good use of their time. The inhabitants of the castle were in a deep sleep, partly the effects of intemperance: so profound were their slumbers, that many of them felt the chains on their hands and feet before they could recover sense sufficient to know who had put them on. Some few made a faint resistance, but these were soon intimidated into silence; and in such quiet did every party proceed, that before the dawn of day, all the leaders, and a great number of their followers, were in confinement, and at the mercy of Columbus.

"In

“In the morning, the incidents of the night spread terror and consternation through all the Castilian party; and those who were still at liberty, readily vowed submission to the viceroy, in hopes by so doing to secure their lives and fortunes, as they imagined Du Ponty and his officers would be immediately executed, and their treasures seized on as public property. But in this they were mistaken; Columbus wished to secure his own and followers lives and properties, but he did not arrogate to himself the right of plunging a multitude of human beings into eternity, because they opposed his plans, or had been blindly led by an unprincipled commander to perpetrate actions their better reason would have shuddered at.

“During the remainder of this eventful night, Alzira informed her sister of the circumstances I have already related to you. Orrabella’s soul was in a flame at the thought of her sister’s dishonour. She finished her melancholy recital in these words: ‘When I heard of your arrival, my dear sister, a gleam of joy shot through my bosom; but reflection told me I had little reason to rejoice, for I was dishonoured, stained! and could I hope to be pressed to the chaste bosom of Orrabella? Oh no! I knew I had forfeited all right to your affection, and I resolved sedulously to seclude myself from your sight, suffering

suffering you to believe I had been sacrificed on the same night with my parents and sisters.'—'Would to Heaven you had,' said Orrabella fervently; 'for it is a thousand times more afflicting to my heart to see you thus, dragging on a miserable life, with public loss of honour, than to see you covered with wounds, and breathing out your soul in agony! Oh my poor ruined Alzira! where was the spirit that was wont to animate the children of the Sun when the wretch first disclosed his impious proposal? Why had not my sister raised her arm, and struck the monster dead?'—'Alas!' replied the weeping Princess, 'I loved him with such enthusiastic fervour, that I would have given my own life to preserve his. And pity me Orrabella, for cruel as he has been to me and mine, I still do love him almost to madness. I struggle with my passion, I strive to teach my heart obedience to the dictates of reason, but in vain.'—'Weak, unhappy girl,' cried Orrabella, with a stern look, 'if your heart is so refractory, enforce its obedience with this!' presenting her with a dagger, which she always wore in her girdle. 'Rash woman!' said I, snatching the dagger from her, just as the trembling Alzira had extended her hand to receive it; 'rash woman! what is it you do? Have you forgot that the precepts of the Christian religion forbid self-destruction?'

destruction?'—'So,' she replied haughtily, 'does it forbid murder, rapine, fraud, perjury, and oppression. Du Ponty, I think, professes Christianity. Oh madam, madam! the professors of your religion must practise themselves what they would teach others, before you can hope to make sincere converts.' The argument was unanswerable, and I remained silent.

"Tranquillity was now in a great measure restored; it was resolved the leaders of this lawless expedition should be sent immediately home to Spain; those of their followers who chose to submit to the laws put in force by the viceroy and governor, were to be permitted to stay: and when all was established with some degree of permanency, your grandfather was to depart for Hispaniola. But whilst we were laying these plans, it pleased Heaven, by an awful and unexpected visitation, to break our measures, and hasten our departure from a coast, where, from our first landing, we had been surrounded only by terror, vexation and disappointment.

CHAP. VIII.

Beatina's Narrative continued.

“WHILST preparations were making for two of the fleet to return to Europe, that Garcias and his followers might, from the justice of a regular court of judicature, receive their sentence, your mother presented Ferdinando with a daughter, who, (by promise given to the Queen of Spain on our leaving that kingdom) was christened Isabelle. It received the baptismal benediction when but four days old; for the distress of mind under which your mother had laboured, had affected the health of the infant, and its life was very doubtful.

“It was nearly a fortnight from the birth of this daughter, when, as Alzira, your father, and myself, were sitting in the apartment of Orrabella, an unusual drowsiness seemed to affect us all. The atmosphere had been for some days heavy and oppressive, which at this time had increased to such a degree, as to occasion something like a sense of suffocation; the heat too was intense, though
in

in general the climate is temperate and pleasant. A torpor seized our senses, and we sat gazing at each other without power to speak, and with scarce the faculty of thinking. From this stupor we were aroused by a tremendous noise, like the howling of a mighty wind, the rushing of waters, and the crash of thunder. In a moment the palace shook to its foundation, and in less than ten minutes all was again profound silence. 'One shock is past,' cried Alzira, in breathless agony; another, and all is lost! Oh Garcias! beloved Garcias! let me save you whilst I can.' She caught up her child, who was playing on the floor, and rushed toward the wing of the palace where Du Ponty was confined. Ferdinando, who had learned from his wife the nature of these convulsions of the earth, caught her in his arms, and bidding me haste and follow him, bore her with precipitation from the palace. The two children, Christopher and Isabelle, were in an adjoining apartment with their attendants; I ran to the door in hopes to snatch them from impending death, when the house again began to totter. I saw the apartment fall that held the precious babes, and heard their cries as they were crushed beneath the ruins. At that moment, my son, who had borne his wife to an open field, returned, and carried me through the falling fabric, which noded
horror

horror on every side, to the same place of comparative safety.

“Two hours of such tremendous threatenings from gleaming meteors, bursts of thunder, and contortions of the earth, as could hardly be supported by human nature, we passed sitting on the ground, expecting every moment it would open and swallow us, when at length nature became more composed; the dark mists which had obscured the face of heaven began to dissipate, and the setting sun darted his watry beams across the harbour. What then were our sensations, when, added to our terror at seeing the whole face of the country a universal wreck, we beheld the harbour empty, not one vessel to be seen? Columbus had gone on board that afternoon, to give some orders preparatory to our departure for Hispaniola, and we imagined that the hurricane attendant on the earthquake, had buried him and his companions in the waves. We cast our eyes towards the place where lately stood the tents and dwellings of our friends and associates—nor tent, nor dwelling appeared; all was silence, all was desolation. A vast cavity was seen where once the dwellings were, through which impetuously rushed a foaming torrent, which, as it roared along, bore on its surface trees, shrubs, ruins, and

and bodies of wild beasts which had perished in the tempest.

“ Oh what a night of agony we past ! Yet this rude flock had not affected universal nature : the dews fell as kindly, the zephyrs blowed as refreshing, and the sun arose with as much splendor, as though the night had passed in its usual tranquillity : and why not ? the whole world is but an atom floating in infinite space, and we who crawl on its surface but as emmets, thousands of which might be accidentally crushed beneath the foot of the passenger, without deranging in the least the beauty, order, and symmetry of the universal whole.

“ When we beheld the desolation which spread far and wide on every side, despair had nearly seized our minds ; but as the morning advanced, we descried four of our vessels coming with a gentle breeze into the harbour. Columbus landed, and our meeting was speechless ecstasy.

“ From the devastation of the night, about forty souls had escaped, and these entreated to be allowed to embark and quit the coast immediately. Columbus having assented to their request, and had us conveyed on board his own ship, put immediately to sea. He then informed us, that hearing the hurricane roar before it came upon him, he cut the

the cables of his ship, and ordering the sails to be loosed, prepared to put before it, which ever way it should drive, as the only hope of saving his vessel; several others followed his example; and providentially the tempest bore directly out of the harbour. Those who caught the first moment to put to sea were saved; three ships remained in port, and were swallowed in the general ruin.

"Garcias and his whole party were in this dreadful night hurried out of time into eternity. Of all the Princess Orrabella's attendants, only Cora and her mother were saved. Poor Alzira, with the virtuous Peruvian maid who saved us from the vile schemes of the Castilians, were buried in the ruins of the palace.

"On our arrival in Hispaniola, Columbus shewed his commission and authority to displace Roldan and his officers, and to take upon himself the reins of government. The natives, and indeed the inhabitants in general, received him with acclamations of joy, and followed the degraded Roldan to the water side when he embarked, with curses, shouts, and hisses.

"Two years from this period passed on in the utmost tranquillity. The only alloy to our happiness at this period, was the ill health of your mother, whose delicate frame had received a shock almost

almost beyond her strength to support. But time by degrees weakened the remembrance of her severe losses ; and as her spirits began to regain their wonted tone, health faintly tinged her cheeks, and enlivened her grief-swoln eyes.

“ It was at the close of the year 1504, that we received the afflicting intelligence of the death of Isabelle of Spain. When Columbus was informed of an event so distressing to us all, but to him in particular, he pressed her portrait (which he ever wore about his neck) to his lips ; ‘ Oh ! my royal mistress,’ said he, ‘ in the grave, with thy virtues, lies buried the fame, the honour, the happiness of Columbus.’ He spoke prophetically ; for within six months from the death of the Queen, your grandfather was recalled ; and Davilla, a creature of the King’s, and an intimate of Roldan’s, was appointed to succeed him as viceroy. Your father, offended at the indignity offered his parent, resigned all his offices, and we returned to Spain together. Columbus never visited the court, but immediately on landing retired to an estate he possessed in Valladolid. Ferdinando attended the levee of the King several times, but he was either entirely overlooked, or addressed in such terms of chilling coldness, that his high spirit could not brook it, and he followed his father into retirement.

“ Perhaps

"Perhaps your inexperienced mind will wonder how Roldan, but a few years since poor, and dependent on the friendship and bounty of Columbus, could have interest sufficient to displace that valiant commander, and place a favourite of his own in his office. But, my dear girl, the neglected Roldan was poor, the returning governor was rich; and they who in the former situation treated him with contemptuous neglect, or at best with cold supercilious civility, now received him with open arms, applauded every word he spoke, and, like summer flies round a vessel which contains honey, swarmed with a fond, officious, greedy hum, in hopes to share the sweets that it contains.

"Roldan was a man of the world; he heard them, received their caresses, smiled internally at their duplicity, made them subservient to his purposes, and then retaliated on them the contumely and scorn which he well remembered once to have received. Added to this, Isabelle was dead; and Ferdinand, who never cordially loved Columbus, eagerly caught at any opportunity, however frivolous, to disgrace a man whose unexpected successes were a constant reproach to him.

"Possessed of a princely fortune, beloved by his friends, and (even fallen as he was from power) still feared by his enemies, surrounded by a loving
and

and beloved family, Columbus might have been expected to enjoy many years of uninterrupted tranquillity; but, alas! his noble heart was wounded past cure. It was not power he had coveted from the first; wealth he despised; titles were beneath his notice; it was honour, untarnished and un sullied fame he sought. The one had been twice involved in suspicion, and the other was threatened to be wrested from him; for many of the creatures that infested the court of Ferdinand, pretended that the discovery of the vast continent now called America was nothing extraordinary, and that many had spoken of it as a thing more than possible long before Columbus attempted it. Besides this, a report was spread that the continent had been formerly discovered by some mariners who were shipwrecked on its coast, and providentially returned to their native country; that the chief of these mariners, being entertained at the house of Columbus's father whilst he was yet a boy, he had listened attentively to the descriptions he gave of its situation, latitude, and computed distance from Europe; that he had treasured this in his memory, and the old mariner dying soon after, Columbus had imposed the discovery on the world as his own, the fruit of indefatigable application, and intense study.

"These reports, which were maliciously circulated by his enemies, preyed on his spirit. His health daily declined; his appetite forsook him, and rest was a stranger to his pillow. He shunned the society even of his nearest connexions; he would spend whole days in his closet, where he had carefully preserved his chains, and I have often surprised him weeping over them like an infant. Life became a burthen to him, grievous to support, and it pleased Heaven to release him from it on the 20th of May, 1506.

"What my sufferings were, thus deprived of my first and dearest friend and companion, it is impossible to give you any idea of. For many months I shut myself from the sight of all; even the presence of your father and mother were painful to me: their affliction was scarcely less poignant than mine; and the most luxurious moments any of us knew, were when we were recounting the virtues, and weeping over the memory of our departed hero. But from these tender indulgencies we were aroused by a furious war breaking out between Spain and the Ottoman Empire. Numbers of volunteers, gentlemen of the first rank, prepared to repel these invading Moors.

"Ferdinando inherited the spirit of his father; his country required his aid, and unasked, he offered it.

it. During a war of seven years, your mother and myself (who remained retired in Valladolid) saw him but three times. His visits were always short, and our fears for his safety were so great and multiplied, that the pain of parting more than counterbalanced the pleasures of meeting. His last recess from arms was four months, during the winter of 1514. At parting he tenderly embraced me. On taking leave of his wife, who after so many years again gave him hopes of becoming a father, he entreated her, should he not return before the birth of his child, and it should prove a girl, that she would have it christened Isabelle. 'It was the wish of our royal mistress,' said he, 'that one of our children should bear her name. She is now no more; but the smallest wish of the patroness of my departed father will ever be a command to me.'—'And to me,' said Orrabella; 'if my child is a female, Isabelle shall be her name.' Your father again embraced us, blessed us, and departed.

"The war continued with unabated fury on both sides. Ferdinando was in constant and dangerous service. Six months passed, and no hopes of his return: at the expiration of that period you, my dear child, were born; and in ten days after, you were baptized by the name of Isabelle.

"Your mother had not left her apartment, when one day as we were sitting by the window, we perceived a courier riding full speed up the avenue that led to the house. I left the room to take the express, my heart foreboding fatal tidings, and wishing to conceal them as long as possible from your mother; but as I went down the front stairs, a servant, who had received the packet from the messenger, ran up the back way, and delivered it into the hands of the unfortunate Orrabella. She opened it, she read. Ferdinando was no more, and I returned to the apartment just time enough to save her from falling to the floor. Violent convulsions succeeded each other; and before morning, my poor little Isabelle was an orphan. How I supported myself through such accumulated misery, Heaven (who no doubt assisted me) alone can tell.

"It was many days before I could summon resolution to examine the fatal packet particularly. When I did, I found my brave son had fallen gloriously in single combat with the heir to the Ottoman sceptre; that he saw his antagonist fall, and died triumphing in the excellency of his own religion, and exhorting all around him to persevere to the end. I wept at the loss of my child, but I gloried in his faith, valour, and constancy in the Christian cause.

"From

“From that time my life has been a continued blank. I have seen but little company. My nephew, the Marquis Guidova, son to a brother of mine, the offspring of a marriage that my father contracted after my union with your grandfather, with two amiable young women his sisters, and a charming creature whom he had made his wife, were the only society that afforded me any satisfaction. I endure ceremonious visits it is true; but I always feel them insupportably tedious, and impatiently look for the moment when the departure of my guests would release me, and I might either unbend my mind in observing your innocent sports, or in deep solitude, by reflection and hope, be again united to those departed objects of my affections—Columbus, Ferdinando, and Orrabella.

“In less than a twelvemonth after the death of your parents, I made my will; for the contents and meaning of that will, I refer you to the beginning of this long epistle, which, at hours when my strength and spirits would permit the employment, I have been nearly three months in writing. And now, my dear Isabelle, I bid you adieu. May you possess all the virtues of your father and grandfather, all the beauty and fortitude of your mother, and be ever exempt from the sorrows that have lacerated the heart of

BEATINA.”

"Your chief attendant was your mother's favourite Indian servant Cora. Should she live till you reach the years of maturity, be to her a firm friend; her attachment to your parents, and affection for yourself, has been unbounded; let your gratitude be the same."

Columbia had read, and paused, and wept, and read again, till, in her anxiety for the fate of Orrabella, she had forgot what she so earnestly had wished to know concerning the marriage of her mother. The conclusion of the manuscript however, brought it fresh to her memory. She turned the paper on all sides; no further intelligence was to be gleaned from that. But Cora, Cora had been particularly mentioned, as strongly attached to the Lady Isabelle: no doubt she could inform her of all she wished to know. She had no sooner conceived the idea, than, folding the papers which she replaced in the *escritoire*, she locked the drawer, and hastily sought the apartment of her aged servant.

CHAP. IX.

Supplication,—Rejection,—Compliance.

“ I HAVE read all the papers,” said Columbia, seating herself beside Cora, who was taking her evening’s repast ; “ I have read them all, but they do not give me any account of my father, or how he became acquainted with the Lady Habelle.”—

“ I did not suppose they would,” replied Cora, sipping with affected unconcern some milk which stood before her, and then breaking into it the remainder of a slice of brown bread which lay beside it.

“ Well but dear Cora,” said Columbia, laying her right arm over her old servant’s shoulder, and looking with smiling earnestness in her face ; “ but dear Cora, I dare say you could tell me all about it.”—“ Oh ! not I,” she replied, putting from her, with a rejecting motion, the lovely arm that encircled her neck ; “ not I, indeed. I tell a story so badly, and make so many repetitions, and am so tedious and minute, you would have no patience to

listen ; so you and Mina may go and walk, and I'll go to bed, and then, you know, we shall both be satisfied."

"Nay but, dear, dear Cora, now don't be angry. Pray forgive me if I was a naughty girl, and impatiently would not give you leave to tell the story your own way. Only inform me how my mother became acquainted with, and afterwards married to an Englishman, and a Protestant, and I will promise not to interrupt you from the beginning of your story to the end."

"Aye, to be sure," said Cora, "we are mighty condescending now. O my conscience, there is nothing like curiosity to make a young lady gentle and complying. This morning it was, 'Be quiet, Cora, and pray hold your tongue.' Hold my tongue indeed ; why I warrant I could have told you every thing that happened as well as those letters. But you liked reading the letters best then ; and so mayhap you may find some more to-morrow that will tell you every thing you wish to know."

"'Tis well," said Columbia, somewhat haughtily ; "I will go to my mother : she referred me to you ; but since you do not chuse to comply with her desires, I will from her mouth request a recital of events, which, however the recollection of them may make her own heart bleed afresh, she will, I

am

am sure, recount, to gratify the laudable curiosity of her child. You, Cora, may go to bed and rest; your lady, the daughter of the Princess Orrabella, and her unfortunate offspring, will pass the night in sorrow;—she in tears of bitter remembrance, and I in lamenting afflictions I cannot but feel, though I have not the power to alleviate.”

This was attacking Cora in the most vulnerable part. “Stay,” said she, catching hold of Columbia’s robe, “stay, my dear young lady, but a few moments, and I will tell you all.”—“That’s my good Cora,” said she, kissing her cheek with affection; “I will now go and take leave of my mother for the night. You shall go to bed Mina, and I will come and sit beside you. We will put out the candle: for you know the moon shines full into your chamber; and I always think a story doubly interesting when it is told by moonlight.”

This arrangement made, Columbia went to the apartment of her mother, and partook of a slight repast. But little conversation passed between them. Isabelle was buried in reflection, and the mind of her daughter fully occupied by the events she had been so lately made acquainted with, mixed with a restless impatience to repair to the chamber of Cora. Supper finished, she requested leave to retire; and Mina being dismissed from her attendance

attendance on the Lady Isabelle, they seated themselves on the side of Cora's bed, who eagerly began the promised recital.

“ The old lady Beatina died when your mother was not seven years old, and so the Marquis Guidova thought it best only to leave a few people just to take care of the house and pleasure grounds in Valladolid ; and discharging the rest of the servants, take my young lady with him to Madrid, where he for the most part lived. He was a good gentleman, and his lady, Heaven bless her, was as kind a gentlewoman as ever breathed. They were as fond of your mother as though she had been their own child ; but who could help loving her ? She was so condescending, so benevolent, so good-natured, and more than that, so beautiful. So there was masters hired to teach her every thing, that ladies of quality generally learn, and they used to say they had no trouble in teaching her ; for she understood every thing they told her in a minute, and never forgot what she had once learnt.

“ Many cavaliers and gentlemen sought her for their bride before she was fifteen. Not a family in the court of Spain but would have thought it a high honour to have had her for a daughter-in-law. The young King of Spain used to call her a star of the first magnitude ; a gem fit for the crown
of

of a prince, and many other such pretty names. But she, sweet lady, was never made proud or conceited by these praises, but was always the same humble, affable creature as ever. Then she was so pious! Ah! when shall I see her equal? Her behaviour was an example, admired by all, but I am afraid followed by very few.

“Well, as I was saying, many noble gentlemen sought to win her love, but she was indifferent to them all; and at the age of eighteen, was still unmarried. At that time, Sir Thomas Arundel arrived at the Spanish Court. He was travelling to finish his education, and came with a design of passing a few months in Madrid. Ah! he was a brave gentleman.”

“Yes,” said Columbia exultingly, “my father was a brave man, a worthy man, an honour to human nature.”

“Aye, but,” replied Cora, “he was much handsomer then, so tall and graceful, such fine blue eyes, and such a complexion, so fair and ruddy, and his beautiful dark brown hair fell in such becoming ringlets round his face and shoulders, that he looked like something more than mortal.”

“Why, Cora,” said Mina, laughing, “you describe his person with such rapture, that I do believe you fell in love with him yourself.”

"Heaven help me!" cried the old woman, "that would have been a fine story truly! No, no, I knew my station better. Besides, I was old enough to be his mother. I could not shut my eyes, you know, and I hope there was no harm in admiring what I saw."

"No, to be sure," said Columbia, "and I dare say my dear mother admired him as much as you did."

"Indeed she did," replied Cora; "he was introduced to the Marquis by the Duke de Medina, and invited by him to a splendid entertainment, which he gave to all the foreigners of distinction at that time resident at the court of Spain. Oh! how beautiful did my dear lady Isabelle look on that day; her dress was always plain, but it was always becoming, and more than usually so at that time. No wonder the young Englishman was captivated at first sight. I could have gazed at her for the whole day without being tired; what then must he feel, who had never before seen a woman so charming? For to excel her, I am sure would be impossible. A ball was given in the evening; Arundel danced with your mother. Every eye was turned upon them as they gracefully and lightly followed the music. Every tongue murmured their praise."

“ When the lady Isabelle retired for the night, she asked me if I had seen the accomplished cavalier Arundel, and whether I did not think him very handsome. ‘ I have been deaf to all my lovers as yet,’ said she, smiling; ‘ but I believe, Cora, if Arundel should ask my hand, I should not long withhold it.’ The next morning, as she was rising, the whole of her discourse was on the gallant Englishman; and she could not help wishing to see him again, and wondering whether he thought of her as much as she did of him. Whilst she was prattling on in her lively innocent manner, the Marchioness Guidova entered the apartment.

“ Isabelle, my love,” said she, “ I have some papers in my possession, which I blame myself for not having earlier entrusted to your perusal. Here are some confidential letters which passed between your father and his parents; and here is a packet addressed to you, my love. It was written by your grandmother during the last years of her life. It will inform you of some particulars in her will, which it is necessary for you to know. You are there strictly forbid to unite yourself to a man who professes the reformed religion.

“ The Marquis and myself could not but observe last night the pointed attentions, and undisguised

guised admiration, with which Sir Thomas Arundel addressed you ; and I think it is not unlikely but he may request you in marriage. Now, my dear Isabelle, Arundel is a strict Protestant. This, you are sensible, will place an insurmountable barrier between you. And fearful that my dear girl might let her heart be allured by an agreeable person and insinuating address, before she knew the fatal consequences that must result from such an indulgence, I would no longer delay requesting you to give a few hours serious attention to the papers I here leave with you, particularly that written by your grandmother.'

" When the Marchioness had thus spoke, she embraced the lady Isabelle, who had not once attempted an answer ; and laying the papers on the table, left the apartment.

" While the Marchioness was speaking, I had retired, out of respect, to a window at the most distant part of the room ; but I now approached my young lady, and found her pale, trembling, and her eyes brimful of tears. ' My fate, I fear, is fixed, Cora,' said she. ' My heart has hitherto been insensible to the admiration and love I heard numbers daily profess for me ; but though so lately acquainted with him, I had, almost unknown to myself, suffered a wish to rise, that Arundel might

be the man designed to be my husband. It is true, I never saw him till yesterday ; but to his character I am no stranger. Fame speaks highly of his honour, integrity, and wisdom. But I am told our fates can never be united. If so, a convent shall be my choice, and I will shut myself from a world that will, I greatly fear, contain no charms for me, when deprived of the hope of sharing the fate of Arundel.'

" She then hastily finished dressing, and dismissed me ; nor did I see the dear lady again, till noon. Oh ! how her sweet countenance was altered since the morning. She was bathing her eyes in water, in hopes to take off the redness ; but it was in vain. The traces of her tears still remained upon her cheeks, and her eyes were sunk and heavy. The papers lay open on the table before her ; she spoke but little to me ; and though when she did speak, she forced a smile, I could see her poor heart was almost breaking.

" The Marquis had rightly judged, that Arundel was enamoured of my lady ; for on the very next day, he took an opportunity to call, when he knew the Marquis was at the levee, and going into the garden, as he said to amuse himself till the Marquis's return, he sent one of the servants to desire I would grant him a few minutes' conversation.

sation. I went, you may be sure; for I guessed his errand, and thought it no harm to pity him, and hear what he had to say on the subject. So as I was saying, I went, and he asked me a thousand questions about the lady Isabelle; as whether she was engaged, whether she had ever mentioned him, and whether it was with dislike or approbation. Oh! Miss Columbia, he was a fine spoken man; it would have done your heart good to have heard him.

“Your lady is an angel, Cora,” said he; “and I should think myself but too happy to be permitted to wear out my life in her service. I mean to ask her of her guardian; but as I would first be assured, that by so doing I offer no violence to her heart, I have written to her. Take this letter, then, my good Cora, and deliver it into the hands of your divine mistress. To-morrow I will expect an answer, and my future conduct shall be regulated by her commands. Be not alarmed, (for I drew back as he offered me the letter) be not alarmed; I swear to you, I have nothing but honour in my thoughts.” He then forced the letter into my hand, and with it his purse, containing about twenty ducats; and at that moment hearing the Marquis’s voice in the garden, inquiring for Arundel, I could neither return his present,
nor

nor tell him of how little effect his letter would be ; since my lady was restricted from marrying a Protestant. But the exact terms of the restriction I did not then know. So, as I said, hearing the Marquis coming, I was glad to avoid meeting him ; so turned into another walk, and made the best of my way to the house.

“ When I gave your dear mother the letter, she chid me for bringing it, she hesitated for some time ; but when I told her he promised to be guided by her commands, she opened and read it.— Then bidding me bring her pen and ink, she wrote an answer, frequently stopping to wipe off the tears that gushed into her eyes.

“ From this time, for above a fortnight, letters passed between them every day. My poor lady grew pensive, languid, and avoided company ; spent great part of every night in writing ; and, in the day time, every moment, when she thought nobody observed her, she would read over the letters of Arundel.

“ At length she told me one evening, that she had promised to give him an interview. ‘ He sups here to night,’ said she, ‘ and after supper will retire to the alcove on the east side of the garden, and thither I have promised to go to meet him ; and you, Cora, must go with me.’

“ I felt

"I felt as though it would be right to persuade her not to go, but did not know how to begin; nor could I rightly comprehend how (as they both worshipped the same God) the differing in a few trifling forms and ceremonies could make it such a crime for them to marry. I thought perhaps the Marquis and his lady might be angry at first, but that they loved her so well they would soon be reconciled. After this interview, the whole of which I did not hear, and what I did hear I did not fully understand; only this I know, that Sir Thomas Arundel spoke so finely, that he made me cry more than once. The lady Isabelle told him, that, by marrying a Protestant, she should forfeit her whole fortune. 'And what of that, my lovely Isabelle?' said he; 'I have fortune enough for us both; it is your invaluable self I adore; you flatter me; I am not indifferent to your generous heart; why then does my charmer hesitate? Let me call this dear hand mine; and my wealth, which is more than enough for all the comforts, nay, even the elegancies of life, will be happily employed, if it can procure a moment's satisfaction for the idol of my soul.'

"Take me not thus by surprise," replied your mother; 'give me a few days to reflect seriously, and your generous proposal shall have an ingenuous and

and candid answer. Believe me, Arundel, I will examine my heart with the minutest scrutiny; and if I find its attachment to you unconquerable, I will not insult the Majesty of Heaven by making professions with my lips, which my soul would refuse to ratify. I will then openly, in the face of the world, avow my choice; and if I do so, we will not have different interests in so serious a concern as our everlasting peace in futurity. No, Arundel, if I become your wife, I embrace your religion. Your faith shall be my faith, your God my God.'

"She then suffered him to kiss her hand, and leaning on my arm, returned to her apartment.

"I say, after this interview, my lady became more composed; in some measure regained her wonted cheerfulness, and the Marquis was pleased to perceive a sadness wearing off, the source of which he had been afraid to inquire into.

"It was about ten days from this time that my lady asked me if I would go with her to England. 'For I am resolved, Cora,' said she, 'to share the fate of Arundel. This day I mean to avow my designs to my guardian, and relinquish my estates to my cousin. Will you then follow the ruined fortunes of your poor mistress?'

"Will

“Will I?” said I, throwing my arms round her; ‘can any thing but death ever separate me from you?’

“It was towards the evening of this day that the Lady Isabelle sent me to request the Marquis, his lady, and their eldest son, would grant her half an hour’s conversation. They returned for answer, that they were perfectly at liberty, and awaited her presence in the saloon. She then bade me go into the garden, where she knew Arundel was waiting, and bid him come to her. He obeyed the summons, and they entered the saloon together. It was then your noble mother declared to her guardian and his family the resolution she had taken. ‘Had you entrusted me,’ said she, ‘earlier with the contents of my grandmother’s will, I might have been upon my guard; but my heart was irrevocably gone before I knew it was a crime to love a Protestant. Having made my election, I do not scruple to confess, that, deprived of Arundel, I would never unite with any other man.—Seclusion from the world would have been my next choice; but reason and religion told me, that a heart, throbbing with all the anxieties of a disappointed passion, is not a fit sacrifice to be offered to a Being of infinite purity. My fortune I resign to my cousin, and wish him as much happiness in the enjoyment

enjoyment of it as I feel in relinquishing it. My personal ornaments, I imagine, are my own. Tomorrow I shall bestow them and myself on Arundel; and, in becoming his wife, I embrace the Protestant persuasion.'

"When my lady had finished speaking, she gave her hand to your father, who spoke something very handsome, though I can't remember what. But I know the old Marquis raved, his son looked quite happy, the Marchioness cried; one moment embracing Lady Habelle, and entreating her to remember her grandmother's last injunctions, and not forfeit her eternal peace by quitting the bosom of the holy mother church; then she would entreat her son not to enforce the will to its full extent, but to be content to divide the fortune with his cousin. Oh! dearee me, it was a terrible night; for what with the rage of the one, and the tears of the other, my poor lady was almost distracted.

"Well, sure enough the next morning she was married, and in a few days they set off for England. On our arrival in London, she publicly abjured the Romish religion, and would have had me do the same; but I thought changing my religion once in my life was enough. I was taught by the good Lady Beatina to worship one God, and to look for eternal salvation through the merits of a Redeemer;

deemer ; to be humane and charitable to all mankind ; and, to the extent of my weak power, I have endeavoured to practise what she taught. And I hope I shall, when I die, go to Heaven, as well as if I had changed my religion twenty times."

" You cannot change for the better, my good Cora," said Columbia ; " yet you must not blame my mother."

" Blame," cried Cora, hastily ; " no, indeed ;— the Lady Isabelle never did any thing that deserved blame. She had sense and education to understand what she was doing ; but I was weak and ignorant, and feared, by renouncing one error, I might perhaps fall into a greater."

" Well but, Cora, what was the cause of my father's ruin ? He was a man of family and fortune ; and though I perfectly remember him, and recollect that I had not seen him for some months before I lost him for ever. I shall never forget the day on which I was told he died. My dear mother, who had been absent some days, was brought home in a state almost bordering on distraction. She embraced me, called me her dear orphan girl, wept, wrung her hands, and then clasping them, cried, ' Oh ! my Arundel, you are lost to me, but I trust you are reaping the heavenly reward of your faith, constancy, and fidelity.' She then sent me from her,

her, and a few weeks after we came to this old castle. I did not half like it, Cora, nor am I quite reconciled to it now. Those old ruins at the west end, the long gallery that leads to it, the great arched gate-way that looks ready to fall down, and the nasty moat full of green water, fill me with terror and disgust; and if it was not for the little garden that Mathias has done up so cleverly, and the pond where we go to fish, I should be ready to die with melancholy."

"And so should I," said Mina, "and with fear too; for they people about here."

"Now do be quiet," said Columbia, "for it grows late, and I want Cora to finish telling about my father."

Mina was silent, and Cora continued. "Ah! my dear Miss, those were sad times indeed; it was then your dear mother was plunged into poverty; for you know your father was a Protestant. Well, he was a favourite with our young King Edward the VIth, and greatly beloved by the Protector Duke of Somerset. They favoured the Reformers very much. And there was that wicked Bishop Gardiner, who was for burning and hanging every body that did not say their prayers just as he did.—He hated your father; and so he, and several others as wicked as himself, laid a plan to take away the
life

life of the good Duke of Somerset. They said he had laid a plan to murder the young King, and accused my worthy master, Sir Thomas Arundel, of being an accomplice; and they threw them into prison, and a great many more good men were confined. And then Gardiner, and the Duke of Northumberland, and others of his enemies, pretended to have a regular trial. But what sort of a trial was that, when the men that accused them were the judges? So they condemned them all to suffer death, and all their substance was forfeit to the crown, as they called it; but I warrant these righteous judges had pretty pickings out of them. So your dear father was beheaded on Tower Hill, and all his estates seized on by these robbers; for I am sure they deserve no better name; for Northumberland only took away the life of the good Duke of Somerset, that he might supply his place about the person of the King, and lay a plan for his own advantage; for he persuaded the King to make a will, and appoint the Lady Jane Grey, daughter to the Marchioness of Dorset, his successor; and this he pretended to do out of love to the reformed religion; but it was only because she was married to his son, the Lord Guildford Dudley. But Heaven punished him for his wickedness,

ness, in the ruin and death of those beloved and charming children.

“ Oh !- what a heavenly creature Lady Jane was ; your mother loved her dearly. She, sweet soul, did not wish to be a Queen ; and when, on the death of King Edward, they offered her the crown, ‘ I pray you pardon me, my friends,’ said she, ‘ and suffer me to decline this honour ; it is too much for me, frail mortal that I am. I would seek an eternal, not a temporal crown ; and much I fear the cares and anxieties attendant on the one, will prove a hindrance to my doing my duty necessary for the obtaining of the other ;’ and when urged to comply, she bowed her head in token of assent.— She said to those who knelt to do her homage, ‘ Pray rise, my friends, this is mockery. You think I am ascending a throne ; but I see clearer, and perceive it is a scaffold. Heaven pardon me this usurpation, for I feel I have no right to these honours, and shall be ready, when called upon, to resign them to my rightful Queen.’

“ When Northumberland told her it was for the good of the Protestant cause that she should assume the reins of government, she replied, ‘ The God of the Protestants is all-sufficient for their protection ; he will not suffer them to be punished or persecuted, unless it be for his own wise purposes,

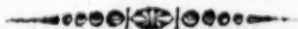
to prove their faith, and bring home more to the fold. He needs not the assistance of my feeble arm. However, my good Lord Duke, if you think you are in the way of your duty in heaping these unrequired honours upon me, I submit; and Heaven forgive us both.'

"I have heard Matthias, who was in London at the time, repeat her words so often, that I cannot be mistaken in repeating them again. So the sweet, good lady was proclaimed Queen, and nine days after she was seized, with her husband and her father-in-law, and sent to the Tower, and soon after they were all beheaded. And so I have no doubt but the wicked Duke repented, before he died, of his malice to the good Lord Protector and your dear father; and when he came to lay his own head upon the block, I dare say he wished he never had been the means of bringing so many innocent people there. The Lady Jane left one son by Lord Dudley; he was christened Henry; but he bears neither the title, nor inherits the fortune of his father; more shame for them that have wronged him of it."

Here Cora ceased speaking; but Columbia was unable to thank her, or articulate a single word.—The unmerited accusation and ignominious death of her father, the untimely fate of the lovely and

pious

pious Lady Jane, had so oppressed her heart, that it was only by the indulgence of tears she could save herself from fainting. At length she recovered some degree of composure, kissed Cora, bade her good night, and taking Mina's hand, retired to her own apartment.



CHAP. X.

An Adventure.

IT was now near midnight. The moon, which had shone so bright on the beginning of the evening, was now enveloped in black clouds. The wind whistled hollow through the branches of the half-naked trees, and the turrets of the old castle echoed its melancholy notes. A cold rain beat against the casements, that shook in their frames from the violence of the rising tempest, and every thing wore a dreary, sombre appearance.

"I declare," said Columbia, shuddering, "my spirits are so depressed, and the apartment looks so gloomy, I almost wish I had not put out the candle."

"And I'm sure so do I," said Mina; "for I can't get those stories out of my head, that the people, who live round about, tell of this old castle; for I do assure you they wonder how we can live in it, and often ask if we never hear or see any thing."

"What should we hear or see," said Columbia, "more than our own family?" But she shuddered involuntarily, and drew nearer to Mina, casting a fearful glance round the room.

"Nay, I don't know," replied Mina; "I never give much ear to such stories; but they do say the castle is haunted; and that a great Baron, who owned it a good many years ago, killed his brother here, that he might win the love of his lady, whom he afterwards seduced, and then sent her beyond sea, where she was never more heard of. And they say the young Baron's ghost often is seen about the western ruins; and that he walks round the garden, and even sometimes through the long gallery, and up the winding stair-case that leads to the turret that joins this range of apartments."

"I dare say it is all fancy," said Columbia, getting into bed, and covering her face with the bed-clothes.

"Very likely," said Mina; "for you know we never saw or heard any thing."

"No,

"No, nor I will answer for it never shall," replied her young lady; "so good night, Mina, for I'm sleepy."

Mina began to say, "Good night:" but stopping short, was seized with a universal shivering; her heart beat violently, and she trembled so that the bed shook under her.

"Oh heavens!" said Columbia, "what's the matter?"

"Hush!" replied Mina, "listen." In trembling silence they both raised their heads from the pillow, and distinctly heard human steps ascend the stairs, which led to the turret, and which winded on the side of their apartment immediately against the head of the bed.

"Perhaps Matthias is not gone to bed," said Columbia. "Oh! but I'm sure he is," replied Mina; "I saw him take the candle and go into his own room. Besides, what should he do up in the old turret at this hour, on such a dismal stormy night?"

"Well, I do believe," said Columbia, "it was only imagination." Just as she spoke, they heard the same noise repeated, but it was the sound of a person descending; and presently a man's voice was heard, but not loud enough to distinguish what he said.

At the same instant they both sprang out of bed, and rushed into Cora's apartment: there, as they stood trembling and trying to awake her, they discerned, through a window, that looked towards the entrance that led to the long gallery, two figures come from the door; and, by the pale glimmer of the moon, perceived that one, by his beaver, which appeared ornamented with feathers, was a gentleman of rank: the other seemed habited like a servant.

"There, there," said Mina, "do you see?" "Yes," said Columbia; "but there are two figures." "Aye, to be sure," replied Mina; "I dare say that was his faithful servant, who was killed endeavouring to preserve his master."

Columbia, terrified as she was, could scarcely help smiling at the readiness of her young attendant, in thus explaining every thing according to her own fancy. They followed the two figures with their eyes, till they seemed to vanish amongst the western ruins; and then waking the old servant, and creeping into her bed, one on one side and one on the other, related the wonderful appearance they had seen, and the sounds they had heard.

Cora was strongly tinged with the superstition so prevalent at that period in almost every rank. She fully believed that they had seen supernatural beings,

beings, and related, as she lay trembling between them, so many horrible stories, that the terrified girls were afraid to open their eyes, lest some ghastly spectre should meet their view.

At length the clock in the great hall chimed three; and Cora, believing that at that hour spirits of every kind returned to their graves, composed herself to sleep, as did her young companions.

But the spirits of Columbia had been so harassed, that her sleep was disturbed by frightful visions, and she awoke before the sun had cheered the face of day. Glad to behold returning light, she arose, dejected and unrefreshed; and throwing a mantle over her shoulders, walked into the garden, in hopes the morning air would revive her, and take off the appearance of languor which the want of rest had given her, and which, she was sure, would alarm her mother. There, as she wandered through a walk of filbert trees, which had been planted by Matthias near the margin of the pond, she endeavoured to persuade herself, that the terrors they had experienced in the night were merely the effects of an imagination previously weakened by melancholy recitals, and tinged by the gloominess of the weather. The storm was now past; the sun was above the horizon; the sky was serene; the air just sharp enough to brace the nerves, and give elasticity

elasticity to the spirits. Columbia, enlivened by its vivifying power, had nearly assumed her usual cheerfulness and serenity, when turning out of the walk towards the house, from an arch-way in the ruins, she saw, advancing towards her, the same figures she had faintly perceived cross the courtyard in the night. She shrieked, drew her mantle over her face, and fell fainting to the earth.

When she recovered, she found herself supported in her mother's arms, the stranger standing beside her. The alarming mystery was now soon dissolved. This phantom, who had so alarmed Columbia, and her attendant, was a material substance, Sir Egbert Gorges by name; who, with his servant, flying from the persecution of Mary (that cruel oppressor and tyrant of her Protestant subjects) to the coast of Wales, in hopes to seek in some foreign land, that liberty of conscience denied him in his own, was benighted, and had lost his way.

Sir Egbert, thus weary and disconsolate, wandering over the dreary heath, drenched by the storm, fatigued, cold and hungry, made up to Austenbury Castle, which he perceived at a small distance. The ruinous appearance of the western wing, which, being next the path he had taken, he first entered, gave him little hope to find inhabitants

bitants in it. He made his way through the mouldering apartments, into the court-yard, which he crossed; and in the hope of finding some room more habitable, than any through which he had passed, he ascended the stairs which led to the turret. But disappointed in his wishes, he said to his servant as he came down, "This is certainly a desolated ruin, and we had better return to the most comfortable place we can find on the other side the court-yard; for this old turret is more dismal and shattered than any thing we have yet seen." These were the footsteps and voices that had so alarmed Columbia. And according to this resolution, they were returning to the western wing, when the terrified lady and her servant saw them from the window.

Sir Egbert, and his man Rawlins, having led their horses into a place of comparative shelter, sought for a room that might be best calculated to guard themselves from the damp nocturnal air. Finding one less shattered by the hand of time than the rest, they stretched themselves on the floor, and resting their heads on their saddles, composed themselves to rest. Hard as the bed was, Sir Egbert, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, soon dropped into a profound slumber; nor was Rawlins long in following his master's example. From this state

of insensibility, they did not awake till day-light stared them in the face, and the all-cheering sun darted his beams through the high-arched windows.

Having seen that their horses were safe, they were preparing to explore the whole of the castle, which they now perceived contained some apartments which wore a face of comfort, and seemed as though lately repaired; when as they came from the ruin, the first object that met their eyes was Columbia. Surprise rivetted them to the spot. But her terror on beholding them, her shriek, and consequent fall, made them hurry to her assistance; when just as they had raised her from the ground, Matthias appeared at the farther end of the garden. He hastened towards them, helped to support his dear young lady, and by his loud cries soon alarmed Mina and Cora. The fainting Columbia was borne into the hall, and the Lady Isabelle, hurrying to her assistance, had just taken her in her maternal arms, when she recovered sense and recollection. The confusion of this scene had been too great to allow of any explanations on one side, or questions on the other; but Sir Egbert seeing the young lady now free from alarm, related, in as concise a manner as possible, the foregoing circumstances, entreating leave to rest for a few days in the Castle,

whilst he sent Rawlins to the nearest sea-port, to inquire for a vessel bound for Holland or Germany.

To this Isabelle assented; and in the course of the day Columbia, half ashamed of her terrors, related to her mother and her guest the adventures of the night. Cheerful and unrestrained conversation begets confidence; and before the hour of rest arrived, Sir Egbert had informed his fair hostess of the real cause of his hasty flight from London, and his resolution to quit the kingdom. Isabelle was astonished at the account he gave of the dreadful persecutions under which the Protestants suffered, from the bigotry and cruelty of Mary, and those tools of her power, Gardiner and Bonner. Secluded as she was from the world, though she knew they had great difficulties to struggle with, yet she had no idea to what height they carried their barbarity, and that burning, starving, hanging, and sometimes drawing the victims of their misguided zeal in quarters, was the method taken to bring back the heretics (as they were called) to the ceremonies and superstitions of the church of Rome.

“ Ah! my dear child,” said she to Columbia, “ how much gratitude ought we to feel toward the divine Disposer of all events, that it has pleased
G 6 him,

him, with a correcting hand, to lead us into this happy obscurity, where we can enjoy that liberty of conscience which calms and fortifies the soul, and fits it for all events. Alas! Columbia, had your dear father lived to this day, we might all have suffered at the stake together. Then let us be humble and submissive to the judgments of our Creator, since followed by the invaluable blessings of peace, life, and the liberty of worshipping him in security, according to the dictates of our consciences."

Sir Egbert was charmed with the polished manners and unaffected piety of the Lady Isabelle. But the youth, beauty, innocence and vivacity of Columbia had fascinated his senses. The harmonious trio parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other; Isabelle reflecting, in pious gratitude, on her present happy seclusion from a court which seemed a scene of murder, and where, perhaps, the morals and principles of her darling child might have been tainted by the bigotry and superstition of the times, Sir Egbert to ruminate on the interesting figure, and sweet simplicity of manner that characterized Columbia, and Columbia herself to chat with Mina about the handsome Sir Egbert Gorges.

CHAP. XI.

Girlish Chat—Maternal Advice—Departure of a Lover.

“DO you not think our visiter very handsome?” said Columbia. “Yes, indeed, I do,” said Mina; “and his man is a clever kind of body.” “And you think him very handsome too, Mina?” “No, not very handsome; but he has a great deal to say; and Cora says he must have travelled, for he knows all about her country as well as if he had been there.” “But that may be from reading, Mina; for my mother told me to-day, that her father, Ferdinando Columbus, wrote a full account of her grandfather’s voyages, during the two years they lived retired at Valladolid. And that at the time my father’s papers were seized by his enemies, the manuscript was found, and it has since been printed.”

“And so, madam, this fine stranger, this Sir Egbert, is going away to live amongst the Dutch people, Rawlins tells me. I’m sure, if I was as him, I would stay where I was.” “But that would
be

be improper, Mina ; my mother could not possibly entertain a strange knight here above a day or two, as she has neither husband or son to bear him company."

" Well, if she has no son or husband, she has a daughter ; and I warrant Sir Egbert would excuse the deficiency of the one for the sake of the other."

" How wildly you talk, Mina ; I shall be angry with you presently." " What, madam, for supposing the handsome young knight is pleased with you ; nay, now, I don't think you would be very much out of humour if a storm was to detain him at the castle a week or so ; for then you know there would be some excuse for his staying."

" Pho ! you talk like a simpleton, Mina ; I wish you would go to sleep."

" Well, I wonder how some folks can be so insensible ; for my part, as soon as I saw him this morning, and found he was real flesh and blood, I said to myself, Well, he is a charming cavalier, and if he would but fall in love with my Lady Columbia, and she with him, we should have a wedding, and there is always rare doings at a wedding ; and then we should go away from this old castle. And now, if you won't be angry, I'll tell you the truth. I never do say my prayers, but what I pray that we may soon go away from this
shocking

shocking old place. Why the arch, at the entrance of the great gate, looks as if it would fall whenever the gate is opened; but to be sure, that a'nt very often; we are not much troubled with horsemen, except when Matthias comes from market, with the old blind crippled creature that brings home our provisions. And then one never sees a young man. I declare, I blessed my eyesight when I saw Mr. Rawlins: for what with Matthias's stories about the wars, and Cora's earthquakes, and shipwrecks, and storms, and so forth, I am heart sick."

"And I'm sure, so am I, Mina, to hear you talk such a parcel of nonsense. However, if you are tired of staying in the castle, you are at liberty to leave it whenever you please."

"Me leave it, madam? No indeed, madam; if it was ten times more frightful than it is, I would not leave it without you, and my dear lady your mother, for the whole world. No; I meant that if you were married to this handsome Sir Egbert, we should go to London again, and have fine dressing, and balls, and feasting."

"You don't know what you wish for, Mina. London is no place for Protestants. London is now the seat of every enormity, which is practised under the mask of religion. Queen Mary is determined

mined that every one of her subjects shall think as she thinks, and those who hesitate to obey her are burnt at the stake."

"And pray, Madam, why don't the people burn her? She is but one, and she has multitudes of subjects."

"She is their Queen, Mina, and they dare not lift the hand against her."

"Queen indeed! Well, I am but an ignorant girl, to be sure; but I can't see why a Queen should commit murder without being punished for it, any more than other people."

"But it is not called murder when a person is executed for acting contrary to a Queen's commands."

"They may call it what they please; but if a person is innocent of any real crime, and is only accused of not thinking as the Queen does, or perhaps they don't preach and pray just as she would have them, I do say, and will stand to it, if she orders them to be hanged or burnt, it is murder;—aye, and I fancy her cruel Queenship will find that out when she dies."

"You are a strange girl, Mina, and are now talking on a subject we neither of us are competent to speak upon; therefore let me beg you to say no more. Let us say our prayers, and be
thankful

thankful we are, by our seclusion from society, and our distance from the Metropolis, secure from any fear of her power ; and so, Mina, good night."

Columbia spoke this in so reserved a tone, that Mina did not dare to proceed, though she never felt less inclined to sleep ; yet she endeavoured to obey her young lady, said her prayers, and addressed herself to sleep.

The next morning Rawlins was dispatched to the nearest sea-port to inquire for a vessel ; and from some unforeseen accidents, he was detained nearly a week.

During this interval, the daily—nay, almost hourly opportunities Sir Egbert had of conversing with Columbia, and observing her mildness, modesty, and understanding which had been highly cultivated by the tender and careful hand of maternal affection, inspired him with a passion ardent as it was sincere ; and he could not repel the rising wishes of his heart, that this lovely creature might be ordained his partner to smoothe the rugged path of life.

Columbia had not been insensible to the many virtues and graces of Sir Egbert ; but she had not learnt to disguise her thoughts from her best and only friend. She considered it no crime to love a worthy and accomplished man, and her mother
became

became the confidant of her passion almost as soon as she discovered it herself.

"I cannot blame you, my child," said this indulgent parent, "for the admiration and esteem you feel for Sir Egbert Gorges; but I would wish my dear Columbia had seen a little more of the world before she selected a partner for life. You are yet scarcely eighteen, and Sir Egbert is almost the first man you have seen above the rank of a clown. It is to be hoped, my love, we shall not always be secluded in this solitary castle. I understand from Sir Egbert that Queen Mary's health is in a declining state. Should she die without issue, her sister Elizabeth is next heir to the throne. Elizabeth is herself a Protestant, and will, no doubt, encourage all the professors of that religion. I shall in that case, for your sake, my child, repair to court, and petition for a restitution of your father's lands. I have also another duty to fulfil. A dear friend of mine, who suffered death a few years after your father, in her last moments recommended her infant son to my care. Should so fortunate an event take place as the Princess Elizabeth's accession to the throne, I shall to her protecting care recommend this last branch of an unfortunate family, the innocent part of which have

have been the sufferers for the guilty ambition of the rest."

"I apprehend, Madam," said Columbia, "that you mean the offspring of the Lord Guilford Dudley and Lady Jane. Cora informed me of their unfortunate exaltation and consequent death; and I have no doubt but the royal Elizabeth will, should she ever have the power, restore to him his rank and the fortunes of his ancestors."

"Heaven grant that I may see the day," said Isabelle. "And now, my dear child, though I would not put any restraint on your inclinations, I could wish you to decline a union with Sir Egbert Gorges till quieter and more prosperous times. Enter into no serious engagements with him, which hereafter may cause you much uneasiness. Mix first with the world; the heart is apt to be deceived in its first emotions, when little knowledge of the world, and seclusion from society, prevents a free election; and the object who, when the only one, appeared to have every attraction, to possess every virtue, when compared with others of more shining talents, loses the charm that had at first engaged the affections. The disappointment then becomes intolerable, and the unfortunate victim of inexperience passes a life of unceasing regret and fruitless repining. I will confess to you that Sir Egbert
has

has spoken to me on this subject, and I then advised him as I now advise you; and I hope my dear child will not find a difficulty in following advice that can have no other end in view than her happiness."

"I cannot hesitate a moment, my dear mother," said Columbia, "to promise that your wishes, which to me are commands, will ever be observed as laws. Think not, beloved parent, that your child was so weary of your society as to renounce it for that of a stranger, whom she had scarcely known a week. Oh no! however partial my heart may be, I could wish to be better assured of the merits of the object before I gave my future happiness into his keeping. Let Sir Egbert pursue his intended voyage; if at some future period he should return still constant to me, I think I can answer for the stability of my affections."

"Make no rash promises, my dear child," said Isabelle. Columbia bowed her head assentingly, and remained silent.

Rawlins now returned with intelligence that a vessel for Amsterdam would be ready to sail in the course of three days. On the morning of the second day, therefore, Sir Egbert and his faithful Rawlins departed; the former having, with many thanks for her hospitality, taken leave of his fair
hostess

hostess, and entreated her permission for Columbia to accept a small diamond ring in remembrance of him; which, as it was of trifling value, she allowed, at the same time presenting him with a plain gold one from her own finger, saying, "I know you will condescend to accept this in token of amity, for trifles become valuable when we esteem the giver."

Mina had, at parting from Rawlins, received from him a small silver coin, on which with his knife he had marked the initials of his name, and over the letters were two hearts; a puncture was made near the extremity, and a string being passed through it, Mina suspended this pledge of affection round her neck.

But Mina, though she fancied herself in love past cure, and that she should be constant through long absence and trials of every kind, was a stranger to her own heart. She was by nature a coquette, fond of admiration, and pleased with those who gave it. She loved Rawlins, because he had professed to love her. But, alas! poor Mina, when she used daily pathetically to lament the absence of her lover, had she but searched her heart thoroughly, she would have discovered that it was the flattery she missed; and that food of female vanity, artfully administered by any other person, would

would soon have effectually banished the remembrance of Rawlins, and dried up her tears for his departure.

Far differently affected was the heart of Columbia. Her partiality to Sir Egbert was sanctioned by the voice of reason; she felt that, was she his wife, she could brave every hardship with him without repining; for his sake she would then have faced persecution, poverty, famine—may, death itself;—but at the same time she forcibly felt, that, to descend in the smallest degree from the respect she owed herself, from that necessary pride and dignity of manner which is the safeguard of female honour, would be no longer to deserve him. When engaged in studies that enriched her mind and expanded her understanding, she thought such employment would render her a more pleasing companion to Sir Egbert. He was seldom from her thoughts in her waking hours, and frequently visited her dreams; and in her daily devotions were mingled constant prayers for his safety.

Yet Columbia was not totally divested of that vanity which, in her childish years, had formed so striking a trait in her character, but it had been so judiciously repelled and corrected by her mother, that no more of it remained than served as a foil to her virtues: she knew she was handsome, and she
studied

studied to set off that beauty by humility, benevolence, simplicity, and candour.



CHAP. XII.

Confusion,—Distress,—unexpected Journey.

ABOVE eighteen months after the departure of Sir Egbert passed away in the usual way, in which time Rawlins had twice been to Austenbury Castle with letters from his master. But the enemies of Gorges, encouraged by Mary, pursued him with such unrelenting fury, that he dared not himself venture to England.

It was in the summer of 1558 that an event took place, which had nearly put a period to the life of Lady Isabelle, and involved her daughter in accumulated misery. A report had been circulated that the child of Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley was in existence, and in the protection of a Protestant family.

The furious zeal of Mary inspired her with the idea, that by getting this infant into her power,
and

and having him educated in the Catholic religion, she should render Heaven an acceptable piece of service, and entirely atone to the child for the death of his parents, the signing of whose death-warrant sometimes lay heavy on her conscience; and in those fits of gloomy remorse, she always had recourse to her ghostly confessor for spiritual advice and comfort, who, upon these occasions, did not fail to inflame her mind, and render her bigotry more obstinate.

This man, who was in the confidence of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, encouraged the Queen in her desire to get young Dudley into her power; and accordingly diligent inquiry was made after the place of his seclusion. At length, accident discovered what they had begun to despair of. Sir James Howard, a younger branch of the house of Norfolk (a family renowned for their attachment to the Catholic persuasion), a man in high favour with the Queen, and in habits of strict intimacy with Gardiner, Bonner, and the rest of the persecuting party, having received an invitation to spend the decline of the summer in Wales, at the seat of Sir Owen Langwylling, and partake of the diversions of hunting and shooting, in the beginning of August repaired to the antique mansion of his friend.

Sir

Sir Owen was young, gay, and fond of dissipation and expensive pleasures, which the smallness of his paternal inheritance would not permit him to enjoy to the extent he wished. Howard was rich in money, as well as in court favour; and Sir Owen invited him into Wales, in hopes the youth and beauty of his only sister, Winifreda, might catch his affections, and at once secure an honourable alliance for herself, and a powerful friend for him.

It was during this visit that Howard, tired one evening with the rude and turbulent mirth of his host and his Welsh associates, left them to finish their usual libations to Bacchus; and mounting his horse, on whose neck he suffered the reins to rest, giving a loose to reflection, and intending only to escape from disgusting society, and enjoy the pleasures of retirement and contemplation, he permitted the animal to take what course he pleased.— Nor was his attention aroused as to the time he had been absent, till, coming suddenly out of a wood into a wide-extended heath, he perceived the sun was drawing near the western horizon; and turning his horse with a design to measure back the path he had trod, on the summit of a hill, he saw Austenbury Castle. The parting beams of the sun shone full on the venerable ruin, and his rays gave

an uncommon richness to the surrounding prospect. Curiosity urged him on, and once more turning his steed, he proceeded at a good pace up the hill.

It has been observed, that the most ruinous part of this castle was that which fronted the heath;—and Howard, having led his horse over a broken draw-bridge, which appeared as though it had not been raised for more than a century past, fastened his bridle to a ring, which had formerly supported a swing gate, or private entrance to the fortified part of the castle, and proceeded through an aperture in the wall immediately into the garden, the neatness and cultivation of which convinced him there were inhabitants in the castle. He went forward, and, at the extremity of the garden, in the arbour before mentioned, as the scene of Columbia's childish sports and festivity, he saw a female, tying up a bunch of reeds in the form of a wheat sheaf, and a boy standing beside her, apparently about five years of age. As he approached nearer, the beauty of Mina struck him with surprise.—For it was she who had been walking with young Dudley, who was now become an inmate at the castle, and who wanted to go into the water after the reeds, that he might play at reaping. She had gathered a few to divert him, and was employed in
binding

binding them up, when Howard approached them. He spoke before she saw him. She started from her seat, and the blood mounted to her cheeks. But Howard was young, handsome, and addressed her with such an air of gallantry, that she soon recovered herself, and felt more inclined to be pleased than alarmed at his intrusion.

Night was now rapidly approaching, and our knight was chagrined at it. He wished to have entertained the pretty blushing Mina with expressions of his admiration and wonder, to see so much loveliness thus buried in solitude ; but time would not permit. He asked, however, a few trifling questions, ventured to take her hand and kiss it, caressed the child, and presenting Mina with a jewel which he took from his beaver, and which he had observed she eyed with attention, requested her to meet him there again early the next morning.

" But be sure, pretty creature," said he, " you do not mention having seen me to your father and mother." " I have no father and mother, Sir," said Mina.

" Well, then, to your uncle, or aunt, or grandmother." " La ! Sir," said Mina, with simple earnestness, " I have no relations ; I am only poor Mina, and live here in the old castle with my lady."

“And who is your lady?” “The Lady Isabelle Arundel.”

“Well, you need not tell her, or any body, that you have seen me; I have a particular reason for it. I will be here by six o’clock to-morrow morning.”

Mina promised silence, and dropping a curtsy, wished him a good night.

The thoughts of this simple girl were agitated and confused, as she proceeded towards the house. She was resolved not to mention the stranger; but then Henry, he might tell the Lady Isabelle. But to prevent this, immediately on her entering the castle, she put the child to bed, and then repairing to her lady, gave, as a reason for having done so, that he was tired with his walk.

The usual avocations of the evening so entirely occupied Mina, that she had no time to think, till the hour of retirement. No sooner was she in her own apartment, than, drawing the jewel from her pocket, she compared it with the silver token of Rawlins’ honest love. “It is much finer,” said she, delighted with its lustre; “but then what will poor Rawlins say, if I should prove false-hearted?” A deep sigh, as this reflection passed through her mind, seemed to tell her, the assignation she had made with the gallant stranger was improper. But

Mina possessed that unfortunate flexibility of disposition that unfits its possessor for opposition of any kind. Her inclination to keep her appointment was strong; and the courtly manner, handsome person, and rich present of Howard, had such an effect upon her deluded senses, as to lead her to imagine she had never loved Rawlins half so well, as she found she was inclined to love him.

Had the Lady Columbia been present, she would no doubt, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, have confided to her the intrusion of the stranger, and her promise to see him again in the morning. Indeed, full of her own praises, which she had heard from his lips, and occupied entirely in reflecting on his fine person and rich dress, she wished for nothing more ardently than an opportunity to repeat it all to her young lady. But Columbia now slept in an apartment by herself, and the young Dudley partook of Mina's bed; so the secret was of necessity confined to her own bosom. Its importance in her ideas was sufficient to banish sleep from her eyes; and she impatiently counted the clock till it struck four. "Well, two hours will be soon past," said she, and immediately began to dress herself. But quick as her impatient wishes led her to imagine they might pass, when she was

anxiously counting every minute, she thought the period an eternity.

Having dressed herself, she descended to the great hall, and thought, to be sure, it must be near five; but poor Mina was deceived in her calculation, and found it but a quarter past four. She listened, she watched the hand, she could scarcely perceive it move; it had certainly stopped; her lady would be up, she should be prevented meeting the stranger. Impelled by this idea, she had walked more than a dozen times from the hall to the arbour and back again, and still it was scarcely half-past five.

At length the long expected stranger was seen approaching; for he had been impelled by a curiosity, as restless as the new born passion of Mina, to repair early to the place of assignation.

As he had leisurely walked his horse homeward the evening before, he had reflected on the name of Mina's lady. Arundel! It was surely the widow of Sir Thomas Arundel; if so, the intimate friend of Lady Jane Grey. Might not that boy be the long-sought offspring of Dudley? If so, how would it elevate him in the Queen's favour, to inform her where the boy might be found! Let no one blame Howard; he thought it right to endeavour to snatch the child from the dangers of what he termed an heretical education; he acted from principle;

principle ; and it were well for every one, who courts the favour of the great, if they could lay their hands on their hearts, and with truth assert the same.

In his conversation with the artless and infatuated Mina, he drew from her every circumstance he wished to know. Her inexperienced heart, fascinated with his flattery, and, thinking him all that was amiable on earth, could not imagine him a Catholic. She thought he professed the same religion with her lady and herself. He perceived her error, and suffered it to continue, till he made himself acquainted with every particular within the knowledge of Mina ; and, in the end, triumphed in the spoils of her innocence.

For three weeks, an illicit intercourse was carried on between them ; during which period Howard had sent intelligence to his friend Gardiner, that the object of their hitherto fruitless search was now within their reach. At the name of Arundel, Gardiner felt all his hatred revive towards the widow and child of his departed enemy ; and, glad of an opportunity to wreak on them the vengeance which the blood of the husband and father had not sated, eagerly flew to the Queen, and obtained from her an order to oblige the Lady Isabelle, and her daughter Columbia, with their

young charge, Henry Dudley, to repair immediately to London; and, in case of hesitation and reluctance, to bring them away by force.

It was morning; breakfast had been removed; Isabelle and Columbia were employed at their needles. Mina was reading (as was the custom of that lady to make either her daughter or her attendant do every morning) some extracts from a book of devotion. A violent knocking at the gate alarmed them. Matthias, with all the haste his advanced age would permit, went to open it. In a moment the court was filled with horsemen, soldiers, and friars, and, at their head, was Sir James Howard, who was appointed to command the party, and conduct the prisoners to London. Mina's heart leaped within her. She thought her lover was come with this noble train, to claim her as his bride (as he had frequently promised he would); and take her with him to London. Lady Isabelle turned pale. Lost! ruined! undone! were all the words she could articulate, and she sunk almost lifeless on the nearest seat.

The little Dudley was playing in the hall, when Howard and Sir Owen entered. Unused to danger, unacquainted with fear, he ran to the brave gentlemen, as he called them, admired their waving plumes and laced doublets; and hanging on the
hilt

hilt of Howard's sword, told him he remembered when he came through the broken wall into the garden. This circumstance, which a variety of other childish amusements had contributed to efface, had lain dormant in his youthful mind, till the appearance of Howard; who, happening to wear the same dress then, as when the child first saw him, brought it fresh to his memory.

Howard took the child in his arms, and followed by Sir Owen and a number of other gentlemen, entered the apartment of Lady Isabelle. Though nearly overcome by her fears, the widow of Arundel had still a dignity of manner, a chaste severity of countenance, that awed even the most ferocious. Sir Owen Langwylling, a man neither celebrated for his politeness or sensibility, was a proof of this: he met the glances of her penetrating eyes, and sunk abashed behind Howard, mingling in the thickest of the crowd, his beaver off, and his eyes bent to the earth.

Isabelle arose from her seat at their entrance, and bowing gracefully, requested to be informed of the cause of their visit. Howard was confused; he hesitated as he attempted to speak, and at that moment catching the eye of Mina, who stood trembling behind Columbia, he bowed low to conceal the agitation that prevented his articulating a single sentence.

tence. At length recovering, and obstinately fixing his eyes in such a manner as not to be able to catch a glimpse of Mina, he thus addressed the Lady Isabelle :—

“ Our august sovereign Mary, Queen of England, hearing that Henry Dudley, son and heir to the Lord Guilford Dudley, who suffered with his unfortunate lady for their attempt upon the British crown, is under your Ladyship’s protection, and wishing to compensate to the child for the enforced rigour with which she was obliged to treat his parents, has commissioned me, James Howard, in conjunction with these noblemen and ecclesiastics, to bring the boy to her court, that she may restore to him the title and estates of his father, and have him educated in the principles of that holy religion, which alone leads to salvation.”

The full conviction of the imprudence she had been guilty of, and the duplicity Howard had practised, now flashed on the mind of Mina ; she gave a faint scream, and sunk lifeless to the floor.

Cora, whom the general confusion had brought to the apartment, assisted to raise her, and she was borne into the open air. It was not till she was quite out of the room, that the lovely form of Columbia attracted the notice of Howard ; he beheld her following, with looks of the tenderest sensibility,
the

the apparently lifeless form of her servant, and in a moment every other object was obliterated from his mind. He seemed attentive to the Lady Isabelle as she spoke, but his ears drank not one word of what she uttered; nor was he awakened from his trance of admiration till she ceased speaking, and prepared to lead her daughter from the room. He then endeavoured to recollect himself, and asked, if she would not accompany her young charge to London?

“I thought I had expressed my intention so to do,” replied Isabelle, with a look of surprise; “if you, Sir James, did not understand me, I here repeat that I will go with him. Not to resign my precious charge to the Queen, but to assert my prior right, the right of friendship, sealed by a most solemn vow, that Henry Dudley should be educated in the religion of his parents. I know you will tell me there are tortures to enforce obedience to the Queen’s will; but I have learned to despise them. Happiness and I have long been separated, nor do I hope ever to taste it more, till in the realms of bliss I am again united to my martyred friends and husband. Think not then the threats of death can terrify me: death is the only period I can look forward to with calmness, hope, and comfort.”

She then slightly bowed her head, and taking young Dudley in her right hand, and leaning on her daughter with her left, she passed into an inner apartment.

In half an hour's time, she sent a message, intimating that she would be ready to attend their orders by four o'clock the ensuing morning. In the mean time, she requested they would make themselves welcome to whatever her poor habitation afforded.

It was late in the day before Mina was sufficiently recovered to be able to quit her apartment. The weather had been sultry; the anxiety of her mind had contributed to enervate her frame; and as she attempted to walk, the universal debility and weakness which she experienced alarmed her;—she thought the air might refresh her. Passing from her chamber through the hall into the garden, the first object that met her view as she descended the steps, was Rawlins; she trembled, she gasped for breath; but she recalled her fleeting senses, and hastily gliding down the steps, catching his hand, in silence hurried him to an obscure part of the garden: there, as soon as the tumultuous throbbings of her heart would permit her to speak, in a few words she unfolded to him the unhappy situation of her lady and family; but shame prevented her revealing
ing

ing the unfortunate part she had unintentionally had in their ruin.

“ If you have any letters,” said she, “ give them me quick, and then fly and conceal yourself in the western ruins till I can bring you answers, which you must with all speed convey to your master.”

Rawlins gave her the letters, and would have embraced her ; but conscious guilt made her shrink from him, and covering her face with her hand, she waved him toward the place of concealment, and returned to the house ; she passed unobserved to the apartment of her lady, and delivered the packet to the hands of Columbia.

Fortunately Rawlins had not been seen by any of Howard's party ; and Isabelle, having assured herself of this, determined by his means to send Henry Dudley into Holland, to Sir Egbert Gorges. She even urged Columbia to fly with the child from the persecution that awaited them ; but that heroic girl refused to desert her mother in the hour of distress. “ Besides,” said she, “ the safety of Henry will be more certain when Rawlins has no woman with him, with her fears and her weakness, to impede his journey.”

Isabelle, anxious to put her plan in execution, at night-fall sent a message to Howard and his followers,

lowers, craving their excuse, that the preparations for the morning's journey would not permit her to see them again that night, but that she hoped they would not spare her poor provisions, and as early in the morning as they pleased, she would commence her journey.

Mina, who delivered this message to them as they were taking their repast in the great hall, led young Dudley by the hand round to bid them all good night; then, through an apartment which by a private door communicated with the western wing she conveyed him immediately to Rawlins, who waited till midnight; and then mounting his horse, with the child before him, proceeded with all possible speed to the nearest sea-port, where the bark he had come over in laying ready, he went immediately on board, and prevailed on the master, by promises of a large reward, to put directly to sea.

The fortitude Mina had been obliged to exert in the execution of this plan was almost too much for her frame to support. The facing the perjured Howard, and delivering to him a message from her lady, the taking what she firmly believed to be a last farewell of Rawlins, were excruciating trials. But she thought the severest sufferings were too little to atone for the mischief she had brought on the

the house of Arundel ; and the consolatory reflection that she had been the means of saving one innocent victim from the power of Mary, having shed a temporary calm over her soul, she enjoyed a few hours repose, which in some degree enabled her to support the confusion of the ensuing day.

By three o'clock, Howard and his followers were in motion. Isabelle heard them, and awaking Columbia and Mina, who that night both slept in her chamber, they equipped themselves for their journey ; their clothes had been previously packed the night before, and sent down stairs.

As the clock struck four, the widow of Arundel, with her daughter and attendant, descended the great stair-case into the hall ; Howard received them at the foot of the stairs ; but not perceiving the child, eagerly inquired for him. " He is gone," said Isabelle with a dignified composure ; " but that he has escaped is not your fault. I have sent him out of the reach of bigotry and cruelty, and am now ready to go and answer to the Queen for my crime. It is I, I only that am guilty, if guilt it can be termed. And I do entreat you, Sir James Howard, and you, holy fathers, whose profession is peace and mercy, suffer not these children to be insulted or punished for my faults. To you, Sir James, I solemnly commit the safety of my daughter ; that
young

young woman is her attendant: attached to her from almost infancy, I do beseech you let them not be separated. Your family is noble—you wear the badge of a soldier; I should hope you would neither disgrace the one or the other by injuring unprotected women, whom ill fortune only has thrown into your power. Now I am ready to set forward, and Heaven be my support."

The Majesty of her manner as she spoke awed them into silence. Sir James Howard, confounded by the pointed rebuke she had innocently given him, when she had recommended her daughter to his protection, had not power to answer; nor was it till they had proceeded a considerable way on their journey, that they began to consider the very foolish appearance they should make at the court of Mary without Henry Dudley, who had been the chief object of their excursion.

During the journey, which the badness of the roads and the heat of the weather rendered fatiguing and tedious in the extreme, Howard let no opportunity pass in which he thought he could effectually pay his Court to Columbia. But the confession of Minia (who on the first night after their departure from Austenbury Castle, had on her knees to her astonished ladies revealed the whole of her imprudence, and Howard's seductive arts) would
have

have effectually steeled her heart against him, had there been no other motive for her rejection. But with such a woman as Columbia, the levity and unmeaning gallantry of Sir James Howard could make no impression on her heart; especially when it is remembered she had been previously awakened to sensibility by the intrinsic merit of Sir Egbert Gorges.

Isabelle and her daughter bore the journey better than could have been expected, and on the tenth day from the commencement of it, they arrived in London. Mina had drooped from the beginning, and was on their arrival so ill from fatigue and grief, that there seemed but little hopes of her recovery.

The old servants, Cora and Matthias, were left in the Castle, heart-broken for the departure of their kind and beloved mistress. Their solitary days were passed in enumerating her virtues, and in offering up prayers for her safe and speedy return.

CHAP. XIII.

Revolution---Tranquillity restored.

ON the arrival of Isabelle and her daughter in London, they were committed to close confinement; though by the care of Howard, whose power kept the ecclesiastics at a distance, they were treated with respect.

The ensuing morning Isabelle was ordered to attend the Queen. With a most threatening aspect did Mary interrogate her on the subject of Henry Dudley's escape, and demanded to know where she had sent him. The widow of Arundel was inflexible. She only replied, that she had sent him to a place of safety; that in so doing she only conceived she had performed her duty, since, being herself convinced of the errors of the Catholic persuasion, she had given by letter a solemn promise to his dying mother, that whilst she lived, Henry should be carefully instructed in the tenets of the reformed religion.

Irritated

Irritated beyond expression by the noble firmness, which she termed obstinacy, of the Lady Isabelle, Mary commanded her from her presence; at the same time giving orders for her to be put to the torture, to force a confession from her. But Gardiner, who was present, and conceived this would be an impolitic measure of the Queen's, humbly entreated a few days might be allowed for reflection. "Perhaps, most gracious sovereign," said the designing prelate, "your royal clemency may have a more powerful effect on the generous mind of Lady Arundel, than rigour; and the power of gratitude may draw from her a secret, which the most cruel tortures might not effect.

Isabelle was preparing to speak again, but Howard, who feared she might too far irritate the Queen, and trembling for the fate of Columbia, hurried her out of the presence. Having committed her to the guards, who waited to re-conduct her to prison, he returned to the Queen, and informed her of his passion for the daughter of the haughty Isabelle. "She is young, royal madam," said he, "and if I can judge of her disposition by her countenance, might be easily converted to the true religion; for she appears all compliance, affability, and gentleness. Permit me to try to bring her over to our party. When once convinced of
the

the errors of the faith she now professes, it will become a point of conscience with her to retrieve young Dudley from his present lost state."

"I suppose this girl is handsome?" said Mary.

"I should call her superlatively so, had I never seen your Majesty," replied Howard, bowing profoundly.

Mary, though at this period past her fortieth year, naturally plain in her person, and now more than ever so from the ravages of a disease which daily gained ground, and began to give some very alarming symptoms, was still open to the voice of flattery. The compliment of Howard had an instantaneous effect on her temper. She smiled, and told him she would see this paragon. "I will converse with her myself," said she, "and endeavour to draw her by persuasive arguments to the true faith. But if I fail, let her and her proud mother beware; her beauty shall not save them; they shall submit to the punishment appointed for obstinate heretics."

Columbia had suffered almost a martyrdom in the absence of her mother; a thousand fears had distracted her. Sometimes she imagined she should never see her again; that the furious Queen, provoked by her refusal to discover the retreat of Henry Dudley, would doom her immediately to the

the stake; then would she wring her hands, and utter the most piercing lamentation, in which she was joined by Mina, whose distress was the more poignant, as it was mingled with self-accusation. At length she beheld her return, and her joy was for a few moments as wild as had been her sorrow.

Isabelle was convinced within her own mind, that the hour drew near in which she would be called upon to seal her faith with her blood, and endeavoured to arm herself with patience and fortitude for the expected trial. Every hasty step she heard, every unusual noise that issued from the street, she imagined was the messenger of her fate. But she carefully concealed these thoughts from her daughter, thinking to save her the misery of hourly expecting an event that would leave her an unprotected orphan, and which, however she might lament, she had no power either to prevent or retard.

They partook but sparingly of a repast that was brought them, when Isabelle endeavoured to divert her own and Columbia's melancholy by conversation; at the same time selecting those subjects which might tend to strengthen and fortify their minds against impending misfortune.

The

The afternoon was not more than half worn, when Howard arrived with the Queen's mandate for Columbia to repair forthwith to the palace. It was then the tender mother had need of all her fortitude. In vain she pleaded to be permitted to go with her child; it was contrary to the commands of Mary.

Finding entreaty fruitless, she embraced her with tenderness, and said, "Remember, my child, thy mother's happiness depends on thee. Oh beware! Suffer no temptation, however great, to draw thee from thy duty to thy Creator. No, Columbia, not even to save the life of thy mother, let thy faith be shaken. If I must suffer, let me at least have the consolation of reflecting, in my last hours, that my child preferred misery to apostacy."

"Fear me not, beloved parent," replied Columbia, returning her embrace, "I can never forget the noble examples of firmness and resolution set me by my ancestors; and if the remembrance of those should fail to animate me, I will think that my failure in so important a point, would call a blush into the face of my mother; and that would give me strength to withstand all temptation, however alluring, and defy all threats, all tortures, however terrible to human nature. Pray for me, my mother, pray for your poor child." She fell

on

on her mother's neck, and sobbed aloud. Howard re-allured them by pledging his solemn word, that no evil was intended; and taking her reluctant hand, led her from her mother into the presence of the Queen.

Columbia, though endowed with all the rigid virtues that so eminently adorned her mother, yet had an appearance of more softness; and the awe a young person, totally unacquainted with the forms of courts, as well as of the world in general, might be supposed to feel on finding herself in the presence of her Sovereign, and that Sovereign incensed against her, gave her an air of timidity and humility highly gratifying to the pride of Mary.

The Queen questioned her concerning the departure of young Dudley. "He went away with a servant belonging to a particular friend of my mother's," said she, "who wished me to have gone too, but my love for the best of parents, and my conscience, which told me I should be wanting in filial duty, prevented my embracing the proposal."

"Conscience!" said Mary, fiercely, "the conscience of a heretic cannot be supposed very tender; tell me, are you not a heretic?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the appellation," replied Columbia, mildly.

"I will

“ I will endeavour to explain it to you,” said the Queen ; “ come, child, be not alarmed. I will talk with you a little on religious matters. Your ignorance is really pitiable, but it is more your misfortune than your fault.”

“ I humbly pray your Majesty to pardon me,” replied Columbia ; “ I am a weak girl, and totally inadequate to the task of speaking on so reverend a subject, especially before a person of your Majesty’s superior understanding and extensive erudition. I have hitherto lived a peaceful, happy life, unknowing and unknown ; where, to the extent of my abilities, I have endeavoured, strengthened as I was by the example of a respectable mother, to discharge my duty both to my Creator and my fellow creatures. I beseech your Majesty, suffer me to return to that calm retirement, where the remainder of my days may glide on in obscurity, and my name pass quietly into oblivion.”

“ I fear,” said Mary, “ you entertain erroneous ideas of your duties, both moral and religious. Your faith and mine are different.” Columbia was silent. “ I will appoint some holy men to visit your mother in her retirement,” continued the Queen, “ and they shall also instruct you in the
the

the tenets of our holy church. Are you willing to be instructed and converted?"

"I am willing to be instructed by wise and good persons," replied Columbia; "I will listen to them with patience; and if my reason is convinced——"

"It must, it will be convinced," said the Queen, eagerly, "unless you wilfully shut your eyes and ears."

"And that I hope I never shall do," said Columbia, fervently, "against the light of truth."

Mary was satisfied, and dismissed her, and she was conveyed by the guards to the arms of her impatient and anxious mother.

Both Howard and the Queen, from this interview, entertained sanguine hopes of converting Columbia. They did not perceive that all her answers were ambiguous, and might have been explained in a very different sense than the one they took them in.

Howard seized the favourable moment of the Queen's good humour, to request the charge of the prisoners might devolve on him. "I have a house, most gracious Sovereign," said he, "not far from London; some of the apartments have heretofore been used as a state prison. Suffer me to convey the widow of Arundel and her daughter thither;

thither; I will answer for their being kept in safe custody, with my life. In the mean time, my confessor, with whatever other ecclesiastic your Majesty may please to appoint, can visit them every day."

"I see," said the Queen, with a half smile, "you wish to have an opportunity of prosecuting your suit to the fair daughter of Arundel without interruption. Well, be it as you desire; into your charge I commit them, and at the hazard of your head," continued she, sternly, "be they forth coming whenever I demand them. For by the crown of my ancestors I swear, they shall not escape my vengeance, unless they renounce their heretical opinions, and give up young Dudley to my power."

Howard, pleased that by this manœuvre he had got the person of Columbia entirely in his power, thanked the Queen for her condescension, reiterated promises of not permitting them to escape, and hastened to the place of their confinement, where he informed the Lady Isabelle and her daughter, that he had prevailed on the Queen to let him remove them to a mansion of his own, not far from London. "You will there," said he, "have the benefit of the air, and the indulgence of sometimes exercising yourself in the garden.
But

But I have obtained this favour at the hazard of your displeasure ; for I have promised the Queen that you will daily converse with ecclesiastics of the Catholic persuasion. Your patience one moment, dear lady," seeing Isabelle was about to reply, " it is what you must submit to if you remain here. Let me on my knees entreat you, then, to suffer me to convey you, and this angel your daughter, out of the reach of the tyranny of Mary. Whilst you remain secluded in her palace, the instruments of her power may, in the dead of night, rush in and sacrifice you to her vengeance ; but under my roof, you will at least be secure from sudden insult and surprise, and should the menace your precious lives, I will preserve them at the hazard of my own."

" Howard," said Isabelle, " I would fain believe your professions are sincere ; but when I remember who betrayed us into the power of the Queen, how can I ?"

This was the first moment Howard had suspected that Mina had discovered his frequent visits at Austenbury Castle. He had strove several times, during their journey, to draw her apart from her ladies, but in vain. She had always carefully avoided him. But this he thought proceeded from her fears of awakening suspicion ; nor did he

once imagine she would confide an intercourse, that would appear so much to her disadvantage, to the ear of a woman so rigidly virtuous as Isabelle. It is true, Isabelle was rigid in her own practise; but she always made a just distinction between the errors incident to human nature, and premeditated guilt. For the folly of Mina, she found an excuse in her simplicity, and ignorance of the world; but for the art and seduction practised by Howard, she felt only contempt and horror.

“What reliance,” continued she, stedfastly fixing her eyes on his face, “what reliance can I place on the word of a man, who by flattering promises drew an artless, innocent girl to her ruin, whilst from the openness of her unsuspecting nature, he learnt secrets, the divulging of which has plunged her only friends and benefactors in unavoidable destruction?”

The cheek of Howard glowed with the crimson tint of shame. The penetrating eye, the forcible voice of Isabelle, sunk to his heart.

“I have been to blame,” said he, in accents scarcely audible, “but do not too hastily condemn me. Allow something to the impetuosity of youthful passion; and if, betrayed by an enthusiastic partiality to the religion in which I was educated, I hastened to inform my Sovereign where she
might

might find the offspring of Dudley, and Lady Jane, let it be some expiation of my error, that I am severely punished in having unintentionally involved two ladies in misfortune, who, to every grace that can excite admiration, unite every virtue that should command esteem. Let not, I beseech you, the discovery of my errors blind you to what is absolutely necessary to your own interest and safety, nor, by obstinately refusing the asylum I offer, heap fresh guilt upon me, by making me in a manner accessory to your death, and that of your lovely daughter. The beauty and innocence of the fair Columbia have already awakened in the breast of Mary a malignant spirit, which she will be glad to gratify by sacrificing her to her pretended zeal; for your daughter has already expressed her attachment to the reformed religion, in terms too pointed to be overlooked. Another interview with the Queen, and she will be lost beyond recovery."

Howard paused for an answer. The mind of Isabelle was in a state of agony. Her own life would have been nothing; she would have despised the protection of Howard, and undauntedly braved the power of the Queen; but her child, her darling Columbia, her fate, perhaps, hung on her answer. She was within the reach of the

once imagine she would confide an intercourse, that would appear so much to her disadvantage, to the ear of a woman so rigidly virtuous as Isabelle. It is true, Isabelle was rigid in her own practise; but she always made a just distinction between the errors incident to human nature, and premeditated guilt. For the folly of Mina, she found an excuse in her simplicity, and ignorance of the world; but for the art and seduction practised by Howard, she felt only contempt and horror.

“What reliance,” continued she, stedfastly fixing her eyes on his face, “what reliance can I place on the word of a man, who by flattering promises drew an artless, innocent girl to her ruin, whilst from the openness of her unsuspecting nature, he learnt secrets, the divulging of which has plunged her only friends and benefactors in unavoidable destruction?”

The cheek of Howard glowed with the crimson tint of shame. The penetrating eye, the forcible voice of Isabelle, sunk to his heart.

“I have been to blame,” said he, in accents scarcely audible, “but do not too hastily condemn me. Allow something to the impetuosity of youthful passion; and if, betrayed by an enthusiastic partiality to the religion in which I was educated, I hastened to inform my Sovereign where she
might

might find the offspring of Dudley, and Lady Jane, let it be some expiation of my error, that I am severely punished in having unintentionally involved two ladies in misfortune, who, to every grace that can excite admiration, unite every virtue that should command esteem. Let not, I beseech you, the discovery of my errors blind you to what is absolutely necessary to your own interest and safety, nor, by obstinately refusing the asylum I offer, heap fresh guilt upon me, by making me in a manner accessory to your death, and that of your lovely daughter. The beauty and innocence of the fair Columbia have already awakened in the breast of Mary a malignant spirit, which she will be glad to gratify by sacrificing her to her pretended zeal; for your daughter has already expressed her attachment to the reformed religion, in terms too pointed to be overlooked. Another interview with the Queen, and she will be lost beyond recovery."

Howard paused for an answer. The mind of Isabelle was in a state of agony. Her own life would have been nothing; she would have despised the protection of Howard, and undauntedly braved the power of the Queen; but her child, her darling Columbia, her fate, perhaps, hung on her answer. She was within the reach of the

bigotted Queen, Howard might protect, might save her. What mother, in such a case, could hesitate?

Isabelle bowed her head, and, in a voice tremulous through fear and stifled indignation, assented to his proposal. A short time sufficed for preparation, and that very night they slept in the house of Howard, at Hampstead, if sleep it could be called, when to their other anxiety was added, the disappearance of Mina. She came with them to the house, retired after they had taken some refreshment, and when the hour of rest arrived, was not to be found. Howard was suspected by Isabelle, but Howard had departed with the setting sun, and could not be questioned.

At the first appearance of day, Columbia arose; and for the first time, eagerly counted the hours that would most probably intervene, before she could hope to see Howard. The morning wore heavily away; Isabelle was dejected and uneasy; her daughter endeavoured to hide her own painful sensations, that she might divert the anxiety of her mother.

About noon, their attention was aroused by the entrance of two ecclesiastics, who were appointed by the Queen to visit, exhort, and endeavour to convert the two prisoners. Isabelle heard them in silence.

silence. Columbia was several times on the point of replying; but a reproving look from her mother repressed her thoughts before her lips could give them utterance.

At the conclusion of the conference, the widow of Arundel ventured to inquire of these religious men, if they had any knowledge of the fate of Mina; but she received from them a stern reproof, and was bid to think more of eternal, and less of temporal things, as her destiny was as yet undetermined, and it remained solely with herself whether a few days would reinflate her in her late husband's forfeited estates and property, or sign the mandate for her death.

When the priest left her, the fortitude of Isabelle seemed entirely to forsake her. She threw her arms round the neck of her daughter, and gave way to an involuntary gush of tears. Columbia, unprotected, dependent on the bounty, and liable to be ensnared by the artifice of Howard, was pictured to her imagination in colours so strong, that she could not support the idea.

Thus miserably did day after day wear on, diversified only by the tedious exhortations of the monks, and the agonizing feelings of suspense and apprehension. A fortnight was now past, and they had not once seen Howard. They were attended

with respectful assiduity; they had but to name a wish, and it was instantly complied with. And only that they were not permitted to pass the boundaries of the garden wall, their situation might have been thought enviable.

The charms of autumn were now beginning to fade, and winter was rapidly approaching, when one evening, after a chilly walk to the extremity of the avenue of ancient elms that fronted the house, as Isabelle and her daughter were sitting down to their repast, experiencing some small degree of comfort, in the neatness of their apartment, and the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, that glowed on the hearth, they were startled by a loud knocking at the gate, and in less than two minutes Howard stood before them. Spite of the reasons they had for disliking him, yet their long seclusion from all society (except the persecuting zealots who daily visited and tormented them), the many comforts they had, through his means, enjoyed, and the earnest wish they had to inquire after the fate of Mina, gave to their countenances an air of pleasure that was not altogether foreign to their hearts.—Isabelle arose from her seat as he entered; Columbia advanced two or three steps towards him, and half extended her hand to welcome him. These tokens of joy at his appearance thrilled to the enraptured

raptured heart of Howard. He eagerly sprang forward, caught the half-reluctant hand, and, dropping on one knee, imprinted on it a fervent kiss.—The action recalled their momentarily forgotten dignity; the features of Isabelle assumed their usual frigidity. Columbia blushed scarlet deep, and putting him from her with a rejecting motion, “Rise, Sir,” said she, “nor, by affected humility, insult your prisoners.”

Howard now hastened to inform them, that, anxious only for their safety, he had been assiduous in his court to the Queen, and, bribing the priests to conceal the ill success of their endeavours, he had persuaded Mary that there was more than probable hopes of their conversion. “But I fear,” continued he, “I shall not long be able to elude her suspicious vigilance. She this afternoon hinted something of recalling you to London, examining you herself, and accordingly as she found you inclined, either receive you into the bosom of the church, or give orders for your immediate execution.”

“Then our fate is inevitable,” said Isabelle, with as much firmness as she could assume. Columbia cast a look of unutterable tenderness at her mother, and, gasping to suppress the anguish of her heart, cried, “Yes, my mother, we will die together.”

"Not so," said Howard, struck with the magnanimity of the two charming women; "not so.—My employment at court, which places me almost immediately about the person of the Queen, gives me an opportunity of knowing her designs almost as soon as she conceives them. I will attentively watch her; not a command shall be issued forth of which I will not learn the motive and intent; and should I find her aim at the lives of my lovely, my esteemed prisoners, I will deliver them from her power, or die in their defence."

Isabelle ejaculated an expression of gratitude, and Columbia, in tremulous accents, ventured to enquire after Mina. But Howard, with a look of surprise, protested his entire ignorance of her absence in terms so positive, that it appeared impossible any longer to doubt his veracity.

The remainder of the evening was spent in social converse. He inquired if they had all the accommodations they wished, and if their commands had been readily obeyed by their attendants? On taking leave, he requested them to be constantly ready for a removal, as he should take care to give them early notice of impending danger, and provide them with horses and attendants to facilitate their escape.

After

After this visit, their time was passed in the usual way, till the morning of the seventh of November; when, just before day, Howard arrived, attended by a numerous retinue, and hurrying Isabelle and Columbia from their beds, told them the moment so long dreaded was at hand, and nothing but immediate flight could save them. They arose with precipitation, and mounting the horses that stood ready for them, proceeded, with all the expedition their strength would permit, to the borders of the kingdom next the sea, on the coast of Suffolk, where, in a mutilated fortress (a very small part of which was habitable), Howard requested them to repose, till, as he said, a vessel should arrive, the master of which had orders to meet them there, to convey them in safety to Holland, Germany, or some place of security.

Fatigued, dispirited, and ill, Isabelle attended but little to the desolate appearance of their habitation, or the few accommodations they were likely to meet with in this solitary place. A numerous assemblage of male domestics had attended them on their journey, but they saw only one female throughout the whole dreary mansion, and she was almost insensible through age and infirmity, being quite deaf, and nearly blind. However, she performed the most menial offices, and Isabelle was too

intent on the miseries of her situation, and the danger to which Columbia would be exposed, should they be discovered and forced back to the court of Mary, to feel any of those inconveniencies, which, in her more prosperous days, would have appeared intolerable.

All hope of a departure from England, during the winter season, soon vanished; the weather became uncommonly tempestuous, the snow fell in great quantities, and the frost was intense. Howard was the constant inmate of their gloomy mansion; for, under pretence that his life was in danger, on account of his having aided their escape, he secluded himself with them, and declared his intention to accompany them, whenever the weather would permit them to depart.

During the dreary months of December and January, he endeavoured, by amusing conversation, and a display of the various accomplishments of which he was master, at once to divert the melancholy of the Lady Isabelle, and awaken the attention of Columbia. But he presently perceived his endeavours were ineffectual; the despondency of the mother daily increased, till it almost bordered on despair; and every tender emotion of the daughter's heart was excited by hope, fear, and constant

constant anxiety for the fate of the absent Sir Egbert Gorges.

This discovery once made, it became the business of Howard to undermine a passion which militated so powerfully against his success. To this end, he frequently pretended to receive private news from London, and, amongst other incidents, related one day, in a seemingly careless manner, that a number of heretics had been executed, naming several, and at last Sir Egbert.

Columbia was present; he eyed her attentively. She did not shriek, she did not faint; but the blood forsook her lips and cheeks, her heart beat violently, she raised her sweet eyes mournfully to his face, and attempted to ask a confirmation of the fatal tidings. But the words died upon her tongue;—she struggled in vain to give them utterance; her voice was inarticulate. She clasped her hands, leaned her head on her mother's shoulder, and large tears rolled in flow and silent succession down her cold cheeks. Such mute grief, such signs of real anguish, moved the heart of Howard. He attempted to comfort her; but Isabelle waved him from the apartment; when, taking her daughter tenderly in her arms, she soothed, consoled, and sympathized with her, till her tears flowed more freely; and, by degrees, she became composed.

Howard

Howard had always been open in his declaration of love for Columbia; it was therefore not surprising that he continued his suit; or that, being thus constantly in her society, he should plead his passion with more than common fervour. She in general heard him in silence; but if pressed to answer, her reply was always that her heart was dead to affection.

He applied to Isabelle; she urged the difference of their religions, even was Columbia inclined to favour him. He promised she should never be disturbed in the free exercise of her religious duties, according to what she thought right; and Isabelle, worn out by constant anxiety, feeling her health daily decline, firmly believing Sir Egbert Gorges dead, and wishing to secure for her child a noble and powerful protector, at length seemed inclined to listen to him, and to plead his cause with Columbia.

The advice and reasonings of her mother ever had due weight with this amiable girl; and though whenever her parent mentioned, that in all human probability a few months would put a period to her existence, she would mentally offer up a prayer, that her own life might terminate in the very same moment with that of her maternal friend. Yet as she saw her mother secretly wished to see her united

to

to Howard, she endeavoured to dispose her mind for such a union, tacitly consented to listen to his suit, and, at the commencement of the ensuing summer, to give him her hand.

With slow and tardy steps winter receded, and spring began to show her smiling face, and wreath her modest brows with snow-drops, crocuses, and primroses. All nature seemed to wear a cheerful aspect; but the heart of Columbia partook not of the hilarity the vernal season was ever wont to inspire. If at any time she seemed to enjoy a gleam of satisfaction, it was when she was wandering through the woods, remarking the daily increase of the foliage, or seated on a rock by the sea-shore, listening to the fallen murmur of the waves, or watching them as they constantly succeeded each other, dashing against the rude crags that hung frowning over their source.

It was about the middle of May; the Lady Isabelle had declined walking, though the evening was remarkably fine. Howard had been absent from the castle two days; his absence was a relief to the dejected spirits of Columbia. She took her solitary ramble through the wood. The fragrance of the evening air, the serenity of the sky, the melody of the feathered race, who were chanting their vesper song of thankfulness, awakened in her bosom

from something like cheerfulness. She strayed to her usual seat by the sea-side, and indulged in the pleasurable sensations the surrounding prospect inspired. Pleasure had long been a stranger to her heart, and she welcomed her return, though in so slight a degree, with an emanation of gratitude to the benignant Power, who had ordained that time should weaken and meliorate the severest affliction.

Entirely occupied by her own reflections, she did not observe any person near her, till a young woman addressed her, and inquired the way to the castle. "I want to see our master," said she; "for the young lady he put to live with mother be very sick, and mother says she do think she will die."

"I am going to the castle," said Columbia, rising, "and will shew you the way."

"Where does your mother live?" continued she; "and how does it happen, that as you call Sir James Howard your master, you do not know the way to his dwelling?"

"Why daisy me," replied the young woman, "nobody never lived in that there old place since I can remember, till master cum'd here last winter; and, to be sure, mother said, seeing as how Sir James was a single man, and wildish or so, it was best for brother to go when the lady wanted to send for him; but brother never went only into the

the kitching, and so never knowed whether there was any ladies there; but mayhap you be cum'd here lately."

"How far from the castle do you live, my dear?" said Columbia, planning in her mind a visit to the sick lady.

"About two miles," replied her companion, "down in a valley near the sea; it be but a poor place, full of rocks, and nobody lives there but fishermen. But father was afeard to stay in town, cause as how Queen Mary had ordered all the heretics to be burnt; and father and mother be both heretics, and so we cum'd and lived here; and we had like to a gotten into trouble there; for Sir James be one of Mary's folks; but that's no matter now, seeing that she be dead, and I hope she repented of all her cruelty before she died."

"Before who died?" said Columbia; "who are you talking about, my good girl?"

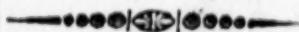
"Why, about Queen Mary, Madam."

"Is Queen Mary dead?"

"Laws daify, yes; she died last November;—and then we should have gone home, only father was took sick and died, an so mother——"

The girl might have run on for an hour. Columbia would not have interrupted her. Mary dead—dead so long, and Howard still detaining her mother

mother and self in that solitary place, gave her an idea that his designs were not laudable or honourable; and then a ray of hope darted into her mind, that he had deceived her in reporting the death of Gorges. She quickened her steps; she longed to cheer her mother with this new-born hope. Besides, if Mary was dead, no doubt her sister Elizabeth filled the throne. She asked the question, and was answered in the affirmative. Her heart bounded at the tidings; she scarcely touched the ground, so light and swiftly did she pass over it.— She left her young companion below with the old servant, and flying to her mother, imparted to her all she had heard, all she suspected, and all she fondly hoped.



CHAP. XIV.

Change of Scene—Weddings—Burials—and Christenings.

ISABELLE joined her daughter in severely censuring the conduct of Howard, by comparing the time of their departure from Hampstead with that
of

of the late Queen's death. They found they were removed on the morning following the night she died.

"We are, I fear, in the power of a villain," said Isabelle, "but we must exert ourselves to shake off this bondage in which he, contrary to the laws of his country, detains us. I will seek the protection of my sovereign, nor longer persuade my child to give her hand opposed against her heart. Howard is still absent, nor do I think he will return to-night. We will leave his dreary prison, and conducted by the young woman you mention, seek an asylum amongst the poor fishermen; they may perhaps procure us a conveyance to some neighbouring town from whence we may get to London."

"Alas! my dear mother," said Columbia, "you forget that we have no money."

"I have a trifle, my child," she replied; "and we must summon all our fortitude to brave even hardship and danger without shrinking. We are women; it is true, and ought never to forget the delicacy of our sex; but real delicacy consists in purity of thought, and chastity of words and actions; not in shuddering at an accidental blast of wind, or increasing the unavoidable evils of life by affected weakness and timidity. How many of our
sex

sex are obliged, by hard and daily labour, to procure for themselves and children the bare means of existence ! How many brave the severities of the most inclement seasons, with hardly covering sufficient to keep them from perishing ! I allow that you and I, my beloved child, have been accustomed to tenderer usage : but we are particularly called upon at this time, to exert the strength and faculties of both mind and body, with which nature has bountifully endowed us."

" Oh ! my adored mother," said Columbia, "taught by your bright precept and example, I feel myself equal to almost any trial. But ill as you are to undertake so long, so fatiguing a journey, without the means of procuring either comforts or conveniencies, if you should sink under it, who then would advise, console, and direct your orphan Columbia ?"

" Courage, my love," replied Isabelle ; " I am not so ill as your tender anxiety leads you to think I am. Believe me, the agitation of the mind weakens and enervates the whole system. The heart, eased of a load of anguish, beats lighter, gives a freer play to the lungs, and a swifter circulation to the blood. What is more conducive to health than change of air and exercise ? Besides, I have now some object in view, which will give constant employment

employment to my thoughts. Employment naturally begets cheerfulness. Nothing is more pernicious to the health of mind or body, than indolence and inaction: the faculties become torpid; even the chords of sensibility lose their fine tone, and the heart itself grows cold and inanimate as marble. Keep the hands employed, and the mind occupied in some laudable pursuit, and a sweet serenity will diffuse itself over the soul: the day passes without our noticing the hours; the night brings peaceful and refreshing slumbers, and by throwing the golden chain of industry over the wings of pleasure, we take the little fleeting phantom prisoner, and make it our own for ever."

Columbia felt the full force of her mother's argument; for, being busied in putting a few necessities together for their journey, she was so wholly occupied by the pleasures of anticipation, that every obstacle seemed to vanish. "Heaven in its mercy guard and support my dear mother!" said she mentally, "and for myself I have no fears."

The young woman, whose name was Cicely, undertook to conduct them to the cottage of her mother; for the Lady Isabelle said, as Sir James was not at home, she would herself visit the sick lady, and administer such consolation as she might find needful. The last tints of day were fading in
the

the western sky, and the moon, in full majestic splendour, tipped with her silver beams the lofty and antique trees that surrounded the mansion of Howard, when these two interesting women, accompanied by Cicely, entered the wood through which they were obliged to pass in their way to her mother's habitation.

In silence they pursued their way. Columbia and her mother could converse but on one subject, and on that one, prudence forbade them to speak in the presence of a third person; and Cicely, though so communicative to the daughter, was awed by the presence of the mother.

At length they reached the cottage; it was small and meanly furnished, but withal so clean and neat, that it seemed the habitation of comfort and content. A middle-aged woman, decently clad in home-spun stuff, met them at the door, and looking at the strangers with an air of surprise, eagerly asked for Sir James. Isabelle did not give her little guide time to reply, but answered for her, that Sir James being from home, and she being his particular friend and guest, had come to visit the sick lady, and see if any thing could be done to help her.

"Alack-a-day, my lady," said the woman, "I believe she be past help; I did not think she would have lived till now: but walk into the next room,

I believe

I believe she is quite sensible yet, and seems to have something heavy on her mind. I do think the poor soul would die easier, if she could tell somebody her troubles."

As the loquacious landlady finished speaking, she opened the door of the adjoining apartment, and Columbia, with trembling impatience, approached the bed, and softly put back the curtain. The light, which stood on the table by the bed side, shed its rays full on the face of the invalid, and discovered the features of Mina. A momentary slumber had lulled her in forgetfulness: beside her lay an infant, to all appearance but a few hours old.

"My heart foreboded this," said Isabelle. Columbia's eyes streamed as she hung over the pale form of her beloved Mina; she sobbed aloud, but was unable to speak. The dying sufferer unclosed her eyes, she saw, and instantly recollected her lady and dear benefactors.

"Then my prayers are heard," said she, faintly; "I shall leave my child, the wretched offspring of shame and folly, to the care of an angel."

"Oh! my poor Mina," cried Columbia, sinking on her knees by the bed side, and endeavouring to stifle her grief. "Unfortunate creature," said the Lady Isabelle, taking the cold, damp hand of her servant,

servant, "severely hast thou suffered for thy deviation from the path of rectitude; but do not despond, my child. Your present weak state, and the depression naturally attendant on your situation, makes you think yourself near your end; but we will hope——"

"Hope!" said Mina, raising her languid eyes; "yes I do hope that my sufferings are nearly at an end, and that they have in part made atonement for my errors. I did not, believe me, I did not leave your protection voluntarily; I was forced away and brought to this place: I was taught to believe that you had left England. I have sometimes, since my seclusion here, seen the author of my ruin; but could not learn from him that he knew aught concerning you. I was particularly anxious to see him to-night; for sure I am, my dear lady, I shall never again view the light of day: and I wished to have, with my own hands, committed his child to his care; but I can with more confidence leave it to your protection."

Here a sudden faintness made her pause. A few drops administered somewhat revived her, and she proceeded:—"A few struggles more, and I shall be at peace. My heart, my heart is broken. Yet trust me, it is not my own sufferings, the slights of the man for whom I sacrificed all, or the scorn
of

of a contemning world under which I have sunk—no; it was the consciousness of lost innocence; it was the reflection that my lapse from virtue had involved my kindest, best friends in ruin, which penetrated deep into my soul. Sleeping or waking, you were present to my thoughts, and I have died a thousand deaths in daily anticipating your's."

The Lady Isabelle endeavoured to soothe and compose the affectionate, penitent Mina; assured her that what was, in her power she would cheerfully promise to perform; that she would look on her child as an infant given to her protection by the immediate agency of Heaven; and though she should think it a duty to endeavour to awaken in the breast of Howard the feelings of a father towards the helpless innocent, yet it would be her care to see that his health and morals were in no ways neglected.

"Yes, my dear Mina," said Columbia, "he shall be my charge. Come, compose yourself; endeavour to rest. When you are better, we will nurse the little rogue together, and I warrant I shall prove the better nurse."

"Blessed—blessed—" said Mina, grasping the hand of Columbia, which from her first awaking, she had held in her's. Her eyes were ardently

turned upward ; they gradually closed ; her fingers relaxed their hold, and her head sunk upon the pillow.

“ She is dropped asleep,” said Columbia ; “ I hope it will refresh her.”—“ It will,” replied her mother, drawing her from the bed side ; “ she will awake relieved from all her pain.”

“ Do you think so indeed, my dear mother ?”

“ Yes, my child, most assuredly ; for in this world she will awake no more.”

The feelings of such a heart as Columbia’s, on such an occasion, cannot be described. The soul alive to sensibility, can easily conceive them ; and to the unfeeling, the repetition of her complaints and sorrows would be tedious and uninteresting. She took the poor motherless infant in her arms, and sitting down in one corner of the room, baptized it with her tears.

The scene became too painful for the Lady Isabelle ; and whilst the landlady and her daughter, assisted by a servant, prepared the body of the departed Mina for her last resting place, she walked in a little garden before the door, seeking from the cool evening air, a relief from that oppression on the heart which the recent scene had occasioned.

‘The

The air in a slight degree had the desired effect. She returned to the house, and approached the door that led to the apartment of death. The lifeless body was now stretched upon the bed, on the side of which sat Columbia still weeping, and clasping the infant to her bosom. Her sorrow was too sacred, the lesson was too important, for her mother to interrupt her. The sound of footsteps called the attention of Isabelle from her daughter; she turned to see from whence the sound proceeded, and beheld just entering the house, Howard.

"The Lady Isabelle!" said he, with a look of astonishment; "by what miracle do I see you here? and where is my charming Columbia?"

"She is here also," replied Isabelle, with a solemn voice; "follow me; and I will lead you to her."

They entered the apartment together. Columbia raised not her eyes. The heart of Howard beat quick, as leading him towards the bed, Isabelle drew the covering from the death-stamped face of Mina, and pointing to her, said emphatically, "Behold the works of thy hands, Howard! Here contemplate the fruits of seduction!"

At the name of Howard, Columbia started; she read the emotions of his soul in his expressive countenance. Rising from her seat, she presented the infant to him, and laying her right hand on

his arm, called his attention from the pale corse of her lamented servant. "Gaze not there, Howard," said she; "the injuries of the mother are past redress; but behold your child, make reparation here!"

Howard, the gay, the thoughtless, dissipated Howard was struck to the heart. He saw the once lovely, blooming, cheerful Mina, an inanimate mass; those sparkling eyes, that first awakened the licentious passion, were closed in death; that heart, that had but too much sensibility, too much sincerity for its own peace, was cold and still. His seductive powers had hurried an amiable creature out of the world, and introduced into it a helpless being, who, should he live, through life would blush for the frailty of his mother, and execrate the licentiousness of his father. He took the infant from the arms of Columbia, pressed the hand which she had laid on his arm, attempted to speak, but his voice died away in inarticulate sounds. The bitter tears of self accusation rushed down his cheeks; he returned the child to her; and throwing himself beside the lifeless Mina, gave a loose to the anguish of his heart.

Isabelle led her daughter from the room; but during the whole night Howard never left it for a moment,

ment, and small was the portion of repose which any of the inhabitants of the cottage tasted.

By the dawn of day, Isabelle wished to begin her journey towards London. She sent in a request to Howard, that he would grant her a few moments audience; he complied. When he entered the apartment, she thus addressed him:—"I sent for you not, Sir James, to irritate your sensibility by unseasonable reproaches, nor to inquire what injury I had ever done you, that you have thus wantonly heaped misery on me and mine; I wish but to tell you, that I am fully sensible how unjustly, and on what false pretences, you have detained me here; and that, knowing myself perfectly free, and safe in the protection of my Queen, and the laws of my country, I may travel without molestation whithersoever I please. I shall immediately proceed towards London. I also wish to inform you, that the poor departed victim, in her dying moments, recommended her infant to my care, and died in the full confidence of my protection and tenderness being extended towards it during its years of helpless infancy. I am sensible of your prior right; the right of nature is incontrovertible; and I have still so good an opinion of your heart (when left to the dictates of reason and religion) as to think you will discharge the duty of a parent with conscientious

strictness. But I have to request, you will suffer me to be informed where the child may be placed, that in case of indisposition, I may have it in my power to visit and see that he is properly nursed and attended."

Howard was for a moment silent; his proud spirit was humbled to the dust. But Howard, when convinced of an error, knew how to make atonement without descending from the dignity of man.

"Noble lady," said he, "I have been highly culpable. My heart tells me at this moment I have forfeited all right to the protecting power of an Omnipotent, by abusing his good gifts, and debasing the noblest work of his hands. But I am not so far lost to virtue, as to persist in error against the conviction of reason. I have injured you, Lady Arundel; I have wounded the heart of your lovely daughter, by a false tale of the death of her lover; but thank Heaven reparation here is not beyond my power. My servants shall attend you; my horses are at your command; depart when you please. You shall have safe conduct to the court of the royal Elizabeth, where you will meet Sir Egbert Gorges, rich in every virtue as well as in the favour of his Sovereign. Your request in regard to the hapless offspring of indiscretion, shall gladly be
6
complied

complied with; his infant wants I will take care shall be amply supplied; I will endeavour by tenderness toward him, to atone for the injuries I have done his mother. But your friendship and attention, in directing my cares to a proper channel, will be a valuable acquisition to him, and an act of condescension toward me. I will see the lost Mina repose on her last bed, and then conduct my child and his nurse to London, where, making ample provision for his support through life, I will leave him to your protection, and seek in the clash of arms and the pursuit of glory, to lose the remembrance of circumstances which tend at once to my dishonour and disquiet."

Early in the day Isabelle and her daughter commenced their journey toward the metropolis. Though the spirits of Columbia had received a severe shock from the death of her favourite Mina, yet the bright prospects that opened to her, in her recovered liberty, and the certainty of Sir Egbert's life and safety, contributed in a great degree to dissipate her melancholy; and as they drew near the conclusion of their journey, her heart vibrated with the most pleasurable sensations.

A sudden thunder shower which obliged them to stop when within a few hours ride of London, impeded their journey, and they were necessitated

unwillingly to sleep another night on the road. After an early repast, they retired to their apartment, when just as Columbia was going into bed, she missed her ring from off her finger. "Oh! Madam," said she, "I have lost my ring; and yet I am sure I saw it on my finger just before we went to supper." Every part of the bed-chamber was now searched, every article of her attire carefully shaken, her pockets turned inside out, but all in vain.

"Perhaps," said Isabelle, "you may have dropped it in the room below." The hostess was summoned, and requested to look for it, whilst Columbia, too anxious to think of resting, had, almost unknown to herself, again put on her clothes. The hostess returned. "I have been very fortunate," said she; "a gentleman who has been seeking game in the neighbouring forest, being overtaken by night sooner than he expected, entered the house just as you came up stairs, and being shewn into the apartment you had left, has found the ring, and here it is."

Columbia eagerly extended her hand to receive it; but overcome with joy and astonishment, she gave a sudden exclamation of pleasure, and, springing toward the door, was instantly folded in the arms of Sir Egbert Gorges.

It

It was he who, with Rawlins, had been in pursuit of game in the adjacent woods. Entering the apartment Columbia had just left, he saw something glitter on the floor, and stooping, picked up the identical ring which he had placed on her finger at parting. His surprise was excessive; he had heard that the Lady Isabelle and her daughter had been in the power of Mary, and it was universally believed they had, through Howard's means, escaped; that they were at that moment under the same roof with him, he had not the most distant idea; but the person who dropped the ring might probably give him some information concerning her. He was gazing at it, lost in conjecture, his bosom throbbing with anxiety to learn her fate when the hostess entered the room.

"I beg pardon," said she, "but I come to look for a ring which a lady thinks she has dropped here; I hope if you have seen it, gentlemen, you will restore it, for indeed the poor young lady seems in a sad taking about it."

"A young lady!" said Sir Egbert.

"Aye, a young lady," replied our loquacious hostess; "and as sweet a young lady as eye ever looked on. I warrant it is some love token. Oh! if you had but seen her earnestness, when she entreated me to come and look for it."

"I have found the ring," said Sir Egbert, his heart throbbing so violently as to render respiration difficult; "here, take it to the young lady, and as you give it her, suffer me to see her; leave the door partly open as you go in." A golden argument, with which Sir Egbert enforced his request, prevented objections, and taking the plain gold ring from his own finger, he sent it to Columbia.

It may easily be supposed, that so happy, so unexpected a meeting, banished sleep effectually from the eyes of all. Isabelle and her daughter returned to the parlour, where inquiry, recital, and unre-served confidence on both sides, occupied the remainder of the night. They learned that young Dudley was safe in the protection of Elizabeth, who had restored to him the title and estates of his father, and promised to be his friend and patroness.

Nor was Mina forgot; Rawlins seized the first pause in their interesting conversation to inquire after the object of his sincere affection.

Isabelle hesitated; she read his tenderness in the emotions of his countenance. At length the fatal truth was disclosed, and the piece of silver which Columbia had taken from around her neck after her decease, was restored to him.

He

He took it; he gazed on it in silence. His manly features were tinged with the pale hue of death. He raised his eyes to the face of Columbia. The look was expressive; it seemed to say, "You loved her lady; do you not lament her?" Columbia breathed a sigh of commiseration. His heart-strings, which were drawn almost to breaking, were softened by its balmy influence. He passed his hand across his eyes, to dissipate the tear, the mournful catastrophe of his beloved Mina had extorted, and putting the piece of silver into his bosom, hastily left the apartment.

The ruddy morn peeped through the eastern gates, before this happy trio thought of separating. Isabelle and Columbia at length retired to their Chamber; but Morpheus was flown beyond recall. Unfeeling deity! he makes his longest visits to the ignorant and insensible. The peasant, whilst he labours amongst the corn he sows, strews the somnific poppy; and, in return, the leaden-winged power collects its sweets, and sheds them on his pillow. From the couch bedewed with tears he takes his flight; and when ecstatic joy has strung each nerve, and the exhilarated spirits mount towards heaven, he stands aloof, and shakes his heavy wings, nor for one moment will impede the tide of bliss, though courted earnestly by weary

nature, who languishes for rest from each extreme, whether of grief or pleasure.

Presented at the court of Elizabeth, Columbia shone conspicuous. Her beauty struck the admiring eye; her affability, good sense, and virtue, captivated the heart. Her delighted, happy mother, bestowed her hand on Sir Egbert Gorges with unfeigned satisfaction; and remaining in the capital till Columbia was mother to a son christened Ferdinando, and a daughter named Elizabeth, she retired to Austenbury Castle.

Her old servant Cora was no more. Matthias was in his second childhood; but he experienced all the pleasure of which human nature, in its last stage, is capable, in the return of his reverend lady. The autumn following, he slept in peace; and, before the ensuing spring had called forth the primrose, or decked the almond tree in blushing sweets, the Lady Isabelle, the descendant of the great Columbus, the daughter of the Peruvian Princess *Orrabella*, gently declined into the vale of years, and rested in the house appointed for all living.

Columbia, on this occasion, visited the scene of her juvenile pleasures. Her feelings, on the departure of her mother, were indescribable. Her tears again consecrated the memory of the unfortunate Mina; and having given orders that the
court

court yard, the filbert walk, the tower and eastern wing of the castle should be kept in constant repair, she returned to London, where she continued for many years to shine eminently in the characters of wife, mother, and mistress of a family.

She died in the fiftieth year of her age, after having given birth to five children; Ferdinando, heir to his father's title and estate; Elizabeth, who was married to Lord Henry Dudley; Jane, who died in her infancy; Edward, who, embracing the service of his country in a nautical profession, and in the year 1585, embarking with the brave and enterprising Sir Francis Drake, perished in the attack against St Domingo; and Beatina, who married into the ancient and respectable family of the Penns.

Sir Egbert George himself lived to a good old age; and dying, bequeathed his title and estates to a son, who thought hereditary honour of little value to the possessor, unless supported by humanity, justice, and mercy.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges regarded the honour of ancestry in no other light than as a stimulus to praise-worthy actions. "My father," said he, "was beloved and esteemed for his virtue, honour, and integrity; I will not fully the name I bear,

bear, by any action derogatory to the character of a MAN and a CHRISTIAN."

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was a gentleman of the old world; should the character appear unnatural to any of the present time, let them remember that they are reading a "Tale of Old Times," and exculpate the author from the charge of romance and improbability.

A certain modern author, and a noble author too (if inheriting a title constitutes nobility), has been at infinite trouble to explain the requisites necessary to form the character of a fine gentleman; unfortunately, he forgot humanity, truth, and religion. Sir Ferdinando Gorges imagined, that to love and worship his Creator, to scorn to assert a falsehood, and to do as he would be done by in the most minute particular, was to deserve the distinguished rank he inherited from his ancestors; and it is a moral certainty, that Sir Ferdinando was perfectly right in his ideas of the character of a real gentleman.

CHAP. XV.

A Century, when past, is but as a Moment.

SIR Ferdinando Gorges took but a small share in the active scenes of life, till the unfortunate Earl of Essex, favourite to Elizabeth, incurred the censure of his Sovereign, by neglecting her commands, and hurried by the impetuosity of his passion, instigated the populace (even eager for novelty) to arm in his support and defence, which called forth the aid of the loyal subject in behalf of the Queen's disputed power. It was then Sir Ferdinando started into notice; he asserted the prerogative of royalty, and enforced the commands of his Sovereign, not as the will of a despotic tyrant, but as the laws of a well-regulated government, necessary to be supported, for the peace, interest, and security of millions who lived under their protection.

He was a man remarkable for public spirit; it was the main spring that actuated all his pursuits. Every wish of his heart, every undertaking in which he engaged, was designed to promote the general welfare.

About

About the year 1624, a number of persons having formed themselves into a company for planting and settling a colony in New England, North America, Sir Ferdinando was appointed, by royal authority, one of the directors, and expended great part of his paternal inheritance in promoting the design. The spirit of his great and enterprising ancestor seemed to revive in him, and nothing but his advanced age prevented him from crossing the Atlantic himself, in search of discoveries that might enrich or enlighten the rising generation.

Sir Ferdinando had married, at an early age, a lady of family and fortune; but she lived only to give birth to a daughter; and Sir Ferdinando was so firmly attached to her whilst living, and so sincerely regretted her untimely departure, that he thought no other woman could supply her place.—His sister Elizabeth was nearly, at the same period, left a widow, with only one child, a boy about five years old. To whom could Sir Ferdinando apply to take the charge of his infant daughter, so well as to Lady Dudley? And where could the young, the lovely widow, find herself so safe, so secure from reproach, as in the family, and under the protection of her brother?

As

As the children grew up, Henry regarded his little cousin Isabelle with more than fraternal affection; but the tenets of the reformed religion forbidding a union between two persons so nearly related by the ties of blood, neither Sir Ferdinando nor Lady Dudley encouraged an affection, which, in their ideas, was a crime; and with a design to prevent its progress, at the age of nineteen Henry was sent to travel, and finish his education by gaining a competent knowledge of foreign courts and manners.

Though Isabelle Gorges, at the departure of her cousin for the Continent, was scarcely fourteen years old, yet Henry was fully sensible of the nature of the emotions he felt in her favour; whilst she, the pure child of simplicity, had no idea but that she might love him beyond all other terrestrial beings, and confess it with impunity. She hung upon his neck at taking leave, besought him not to forget her, and spent the whole day in tears. Every ensuing day seemed still to make his absence more intolerable. She thought of him incessantly, spoke of him often; and, when a letter arrived, would hang over her father's shoulder with delighted attention whilst he read the contents.

Henry Dudley was a man exactly calculated to do honour to the noble race from whence he sprang;
the

the letters of his governor to his mother were filled with his praises. To a brave, undaunted spirit, he united a soul alive to all the finer feelings of humanity. With an ardent thirst for knowledge, he possessed an understanding that directed his studies and researches to the most useful, laudable objects; from the gentleness of his nature, liable to error, but open to conviction, and ever ready to make atonement.

"He has but one fault," said his governor in one of his letters, "and that is an impetuosity of disposition when in pursuit of any favourite object; his affections are ardent in the extreme; and his passions, or rather his excessive sensibility, hurry him often beyond the bounds of reason and discretion. But this error is like a spot on the sun, which may be discernible whilst his beams are weakened by the mists of the morning, but when he shines in full meridian splendour, will become imperceptible."

"Dear, beloved Henry!" exclaimed Isabelle, as she listened to her aunt whilst she read the passage. "Oh! why is he not my brother? I am sure though, if he were my brother, I could not love him better than I do now; and you, my charming aunt," she continued, throwing her arms round the neck of Lady Dudley, "I think I could not love you more than I do now, but yet I should like to call

call you mother. I never knew my own mother ; you have amply supplied her place. Let me call you mother, dear ! dear ! mother. Oh ! there is something so delightful in the word, that my heart overflows with tender transports as I utter it.— What a happy girl I should be, if I could say, my father, my mother, and my brother Henry !”

The Lady Dudley perceived that the innocence of Isabelle was equal to her tenderness, and that, in wishing to call her mother, she meant no more, than that, by her being so, Henry would become her brother.

Henry continued his travels till he had reached his twenty-third year ; it was then thought necessary to call him home ; and as, in his letters, he had never mentioned Isabelle only as a relation, Sir Ferdinando hoped absence, and a variety of scenes, had totally eradicated the youthful predilection he had conceived in her favour. But in this he was mistaken ; the passion which began in childhood had increased with his years ; and though, during his travels, various other pursuits had contributed to keep it dormant, it still remained in his heart, and waited only for a re-union with Isabelle, to blaze anew with more than its former ardency.

During

During his residence at the court of France, Henry Dudley formed an acquaintance with Howard Fitz-Howard, grandson to the unfortunate Mina.

Sir James Howard had conscientiously performed his promise, in providing splendidly for the education of his son, whom he had christened James Fitz-Howard; but as he left him in charge with an ecclesiastic of the Romish religion, in order to his being brought up in that faith, the Lady Arundel could do no more than sometimes visit him during his infancy. His father died abroad before he was fifteen, leaving him a very large share of his estates. Soon after this event his governor removed him to Paris; and from that period, the family of Sir Egbert Gorges were totally unacquainted with his welfare or pursuits.

The priest, to whose care he had been entrusted, was a man of strict probity; he paid the utmost attention to his education, and, uniting the friend and companion with the instructor, made him love virtue for its own sake; for, beholding its effects in the conversation and manners of his respected tutor, he grew emulous to copy what appeared so amiable. His father had been well-known to some of the most noble families in France, and Fitz-Howard, at an early age, found himself in a very
elevated

elevated circle, caressed and esteemed by all. He married the daughter of a rich farmer-general, and Howard Fitz-Howard was the only surviving fruit of the union.

This young man was a character composed of contrarities, at once versatile as the wind, and boisterous as the waves. With scarcely a trait of his father's virtues, he inherited the vices of his grandfather, with all that imbecility of mind, that heedless credulity, which had been the cause of the ruin of his grandmother. Eager in the pursuit of pleasure, a passionate admirer of female beauty, and master of an affluent fortune, uncontrouled by any, he lavished it with a profuse hand on those who flattered his follies, careless whether they were deserving favour or contempt.

It may be thought strange, that a young man like Henry Dudley, could form an intimacy with such a character. But youth is ever unsuspecting, and the generous nature of Dudley could not imagine the gaiety and vivacity of Fitz-Howard was almost the only recommendation he possessed.

At the time Henry was recalled home, Fitz-Howard expressed a wish to accompany him to England. Madame Fitz-Howard had never, from his infancy, ventured to contradict any wish of her darling; and, unwilling as she was to part with him,

him, she at length consented to his going, on condition that the visit was limited to six months. Accordingly the two friends, attended by their respective governors, arrived in England about the middle of November, and with all the speed the mode of travelling then in use would allow, proceeded immediately to London. The last rays of day-light glimmered in the west as they crossed the Thames, and before they reached the mansion of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the family were quietly settled to the employments of the evening.

Sir Ferdinando was reading to his sister and daughter, who were employed in embroidering a dress, in which Isabelle was to be presented at the court of James the First, who now filled the throne of the deceased Elizabeth; uniting, by his accession to the British crown, the two kingdoms of England and Scotland in one. (This Monarch was son to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle during the reign of Elizabeth, after having been detained a prisoner there upwards of fifteen years.)

Isabelle Gorges was now eighteen. Her features were regular, but not at first view strikingly handsome. The radiance of her mild blue eyes did not dart at once upon the heart, taking the astonished senses captive; but through the softening

ing shade of long, dark, silken lashes, stole imperceptibly on the soul, and made it all her own. Her stature was above the middle size, yet not so tall as to render her person masculine. Her limbs were round, and finely proportioned. A chaste dignity, tempered by the most winning softness, informed her manners, and rendered her irresistibly charming.

It must be remembered, that Dudley had not seen her for above four years. Imagine, then, what must be his feelings, when he saw the lively, affectionate girl, transformed into the elegant, dignified woman!

Isabelle had been hourly expecting her cousin, and was too much occupied in anticipating the pleasures of their meeting, to be very attentive to her father's reading; nay, even the work in which she was engaged, though it continued to employ her fingers, did not for a moment occupy her thoughts. Every noise in the court-yard, every quick step ascending the stairs, made her heart beat quick, and her eyes would glance eagerly toward the door.

A confused murmur in the great hall had made Sir Ferdinando pause. "He is come," said Isabelle, dropping her work and starting from her seat. The door opened, and Dudley was in a moment

moment at the feet of his mother. Released from the maternal embrace, he turned toward his lovely cousin, and received a welcome, which filled the breast of Fitz-Howard with envy. Recovered from the momentary delirium that ever pervades the too sensible system upon a re-union with beloved friends, Dudley presented his new friend, who was received with cordiality, and immediately invited to take an apartment in the house of Sir Ferdinando, during his residence in London.

A very few days served to convince the father of Isabelle, that the absence Henry had been obliged to submit to, from his cousin, had acted in the same manner as a small quantity of water does when thrown on a fierce fire, gave a momentary damp to its progress, only that it might burst forth with double violence, destroying every object that attempted to oppose its fury.

Isabelle, modest, timid, and tremblingly alive to feel the smallest infringement on the delicacy of her sex, was yet susceptible of a pure, ardent passion for her cousin. Fitz-Howard, an inmate in their family, read the workings in the minds of all; for each strove to hide from the other their real sentiments. The Lady Dudley, and her brother Sir Ferdinando, saw with concern the passion which consumed their children; but they endeavoured

voured to conceal that knowledge even from each other, still labouring, by various schemes, to divert the attention of Isabelle and Henry different ways.

Henry, when conversing with Fitz-Howard, would speak with rapturous eloquence in praise of his cousin; but if his friend at any time accused him of being too partial, he would say, "Is it not natural for brothers to be partial to their sisters?" "Surely," replied Fitz-Howard, "but do you love Isabelle Gorges on more than you would love a sister?" "No more, no my honour," Dudley would reply, and immediately change the conversation.

Lady Dudley, thinking to fathom the sentiments of Isabelle in regard to her son, would speak of him in her presence. At the smallest encomium bestowed on Henry by his mother, the eyes of Isabelle would beam with pleasure; a brighter glow would ornament her cheeks; and her coral lips, half unclosed by the smile of innate satisfaction, displaying her pearly teeth, would give that chaste animation to her whole countenance, as rendered it scarcely a degree below angelic. When on the contrary, should she hear a syllable of disapprobation escape her aunt, her lips would tremble, her cheeks lose its carnation hue; and her eyes half filled with tears, her brow contracted by the oppression

pression of her heart, would seem to say, "Do not speak harshly of him, I am certain he does not deserve it." And when Lady Dudley has remarked that Henry was an uncommon favourite, she would reply, "Certainly he is, and can you blame me? Is he not your son? Surely I may love him for your sake, and you will not condemn me."

Thus every person that composed the family of Sir Ferdinando, endeavoured to conceal their real feelings; but Fitz-Howard read them all. From his first introduction, he had felt his heart strongly drawn toward Isabelle. At first, he imagined an insuperable objection would arise from the passion of Dudley; but when from various circumstances he learnt that the parents of neither party approved that passion, he conceived the idea of ingratiating himself with Lady Dudley, and leading her, by imperceptible degrees, to approve his own pretensions. He foresaw that the difference of religion would prove an almost insurmountable obstacle; but Fitz-Howard had not been educated in a manner, that would lead him to think either religion or morality was of any very great consequence, when opposed against his own inclinations.

In order to accomplish this desired end, he in turn made himself the friend and confidant of all.

He

He listened attentively to Sir Ferdinando's account of new discoveries, and approved all the plans he had formed for the extending of the blessings of navigation and commerce over the whole habitable globe. With Dudley, he joined in extolling the beauty, virtue, and accomplishments of Isabelle, and without pretending to perceive the extent of his attachment, encouraged the affection he seemed to disapprove.

To the Lady Isabelle he was another character; talked of the different opinions that were adopted by the people of England in regard to religious matters; mentioned his own faith, not as opposing it to the faith of the pious, enthusiastic Lady Elizabeth; but appearing to wish instruction in the right way, as desiring to have his own errors corrected. Nor was this conduct entirely the result of art; it was chiefly the effect of nature. For Fitz-Howard could never maintain his own opinion against strong argument. Indeed, he could hardly be said to have an opinion of his own; and had he conversed four successive days with persons of four different religions, he would, at the end of that period, have been persuaded that he with whom he conversed last, was certainly most right. Thus versatile by nature, it cannot be wondered at, that, finding this versatility likely to forward his most

favourite views, he took no pains to correct it, but gave free indulgence to a disposition, which, whilst it rendered him agreeable to every separate branch of the family, promised him ample gratification in the favour of the aunt of Isabelle.

To Isabelle herself he was tender, assiduous; in short, all that love could inspire, or friendship wish. She rode, she walked, she danced and chatted with Fitz-Howard without restraint; though at the same time she would have preferred the company of Dudley. But if his company gave her most pleasure, it was a pleasure so mixed with anxiety, such fear of offending, such trembling apprehension and embarrassment, that it became no longer desirable, and she evidently avoided giving him any opportunities of entertaining her, except in the presence of her father and Lady Dudley.

Fitz-Howard possessed but little penetration, but a very competent share of vanity supplied its place. He imagined that the apparent preference Isabelle shewed him, was the effect of real liking, and that she was captivated by his person, manners, and fortune. Buoyed up by these ideas, he made proposals to her father, offered to become a proselyte to the reformed religion, and in every other respect his alliance was unexceptionable.

Sir

Sir Ferdinando, flattering himself that Isabelle was not altogether averse to the union, referred Fitz-Howard to his sister for a final answer; and Lady Dudley, prepossessed in his favour by his specious manners, eager to confirm him a convert to the Protestant cause, and wishing to put an end at once to the hopes of her son, approved his suit; and that every evening, as they were sitting conversing together in an unconstrained, confidential manner, declared to her niece the approbation she had given to the proposals of Fitz-Howard, and advised her seriously to think of him as the man destined to become her husband.

Astonishment for some moments kept her silent; at length she told her aunt, that she was by no means partial to the man she so warmly recommended, nor did she wish to alter her state; she was perfectly contented with her present condition. Happy in the affection of her father and Lady Dudley, she wished not to quit their protection for that of a stranger, and begged leave to decline the proposed union.

"I am much afraid, Isabelle," said that lady, "that you nourish improper, nay, criminal wishes. I fear you indulge chimerical hopes of a future union with Henry Dudley. But do not deceive yourself, my child; whilst I live, those hopes can

never be realized, without incurring the severest malediction of an offended parent."

"If I know my own heart, madam," said Isabelle, somewhat piqued by her aunt's peremptory prohibition, "it never yet has indulged improper hopes or criminal wishes. Its every emotion has been regulated by your precepts, and I trust it will never dishonour its noble instructress. But if to love and prefer your son above all other human beings, constitutes guilt, I am in some measure guilty. I am sensible of the barrier custom, and perhaps you will say, religion, has placed between us; I have no wish to break through that barrier; but whilst I am satisfied with loving him only as a brother, I see no reason why I should be compelled to become the wife of another."

"Nor shall you be compelled, my dearest cousin," said Dudley, who being in the adjoining apartment (the door of which had been accidentally left ajar) had overheard the whole conversation; "no divine ordinance forbids our union; then why should superstition impose such shackles on us? Have we not reason to direct us? Why then should we submit blindly and implicitly to the opinions of others? Madam, look not thus angry on me," continued he, turning toward his mother. "You have heard from her own lips the preference with
which

which my charming cousin honours me ; then give her to me freely, and with her bestow your maternal benediction. For here, in the sight of Heaven, I vow solemnly to have no wife but her, to live but for her sake, and may that moment put a period to my existence, in which she is separated from me."

It was in vain Lady Dudley attempted to interrupt him before the solemn vow had passed his lips ; in vain she entreated him to recal it. He repeated it with a vehemence that made her tremble ; and turning from him in displeasure, she took the hand of the affrighted Isabelle, and led her from the apartment. Disguise had now become useless to all parties. Isabelle, daily tormented by the assiduities of Fitz-Howard, admonished by her aunt, and threatened by her father, felt existence a burden. The time she was obliged to pass in company she laboured under the most cruel constraint, and her hours of retirement were spent in sighs, tears, and unavailing complaints.

Dudley no longer made one of the family. He had removed to a house of his own, where he had solicited his mother to preside ; but her affection for her brother had prompted her at first to decline the proposal, and the reason may easily be conceived, why Henry now ceased to urge his request.

Fitz-Howard too had quitted the house of Sir Ferdinando, for apartments, where, being himself master, his actions were not so strictly scrutinized as they were liable to be in the family of a man virtuous from principle, and sincerely pious, without being either a bigot or an enthusiast.

Though Dudley was no longer an inmate in the family, he was a daily visitant at the house of his uncle, and found sufficient opportunities to forward his suit with Isabelle; persecuted on one side, and earnestly solicited on the other, where is the wonder that she should listen to the syren voice of honourable love, and, bestowing her hand on him who had long possessed her heart, become the wife of Dudley? Secretly, and by his own chaplain, was the ceremony performed. They waited a favourable moment to supplicate a paternal blessing, and, fearful of a premature discovery, became more circumspect in their behaviour towards each other; their interviews were conducted with the utmost caution, and suspicion was again lulled asleep. But Fitz-Howard still persisted in his addresses, though treated with the most contemptuous coldness by the object of his adoration.

The spring was now rapidly advancing, and the Lady Dudley removed with her niece to an elegant seat she possessed near Windsor. Sir Ferdinando,
fully

fully occupied in the laudable design of extending the blessings himself enjoyed, to distant, unenlightened nations, seldom quitted the capital, except for an hour or two, to breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the pleasure of beholding his beloved child.

In this retirement, Dudley often visited his wife; and unfortunately, Fitz-Howard, who had taken up his summer residence at Windsor, saw him come from the garden of Lady Dudley one morning at four o'clock. That a son should be seen coming from the dwelling of his mother, was in itself nothing surprising; but Fitz-Howard knew there was a coolness between them, and shrewdly suspected to whom these early visits were paid. His chief knowledge of the sex being formed from his acquaintance among the most unworthy part, he had always affirmed that every woman may be won, however seemingly virtuous. Impressed with this idea, he imagined Isabelle had forgot the respect due to herself, and, whilst his breast swelled with envy at the supposed good fortune of Dudley, he resolved to share her favours with him.

To this end he became more assiduous in his visits; and one evening having followed her into the garden, informing her first with his knowledge

of Henry's visits, he addressed her in terms that made the chaste soul of Isabelle congeal to an icicle. Swelling resentment, for a moment, kept her silent; and when her words found vent, that laudable resentment added keenness to her reproof.— Her pointed rebukes, which should have effectually repulsed his passion, served but to inflame it; he caught her in his arms; she shrieked; her voice caught the ear of her husband, who had just entered the garden by a private door, to keep an appointment he had made with her the preceding day. Again she shrieked; he redoubled his speed, and entering the arbour, struck the assailer of his honour to the earth, before his step had been heard approaching.

Isabelle was a woman possessed of strong fortitude; but terror, joy, apprehension at once assailed her, and she sunk, fainting upon the earth. Her husband stooped to raise her, and the cowardly Fitz-Howard, meditating only revenge, recovered from the blow which had, for a moment, stunned his faculties, snatched a stiletto from his side, where he constantly wore it, and plunged it into the bosom of Dudley.

The cries of Isabelle had reached the ear of her aunt, and she had sent out servants in quest of her. They approached the arbour with torches, at the

very moment this bloody deed was perpetrated, and, in the confusion that ensued, Fitz-Howard escaped. The apparently lifeless bodies were raised, and borne into the house. Isabelle, in a few moments, recovered, but the soul of Dudley was fled for ever.

The despair of his mother was great, yet was it not to be compared with the anguish of heart under which the unfortunate Isabelle suffered; for to the loss of the being she prized most on earth, was added the reproaches of her aunt, and the resentment of her father. In the first moments of her sorrow she disclosed the secret of their marriage; and Lady Dudley, far from blaming herself as the author of the fatal catastrophe, told the heart-broken Isabelle, it was a just punishment (no doubt sent from Heaven) for her disobedience and unlawful love.

Sir Ferdinando forbade her his presence, and she was driven from the house of her aunt by repeated taunts and upbraidings. As the widow of Dudley, she was in affluent circumstances; but of what value is wealth to the possessor,

“ When each fond affection is fled,

“ And each sense of pleasure lies cold.”

She could not be said to live; it was barely existence; existence not worth preserving, yet obliged to be endured.

At length she became a mother, and the tenderness, the cares and pleasures naturally attendant on the maternal character, awakened her dormant sensibility. Her feelings were not dead, only benumbed; as the limpid stream, arrested in its course by the chilly hand of winter, becomes stagnant, nay, almost an impenetrable mass, till the infant spring, with genial warmth, gradually dissolves the frigid spell; when it again proceeds in its usual meanders, beautifying and fertilizing every meadow through which it passes. So the mind of Isabelle, awakened from its torpid state by her infant son, expanded to receive the new-born pleasure of rearing and instructing him. Every fond affection of her soul centered in him; and, if she studied to improve her mind, it was ever with the delightful hope of transmitting that improvement to the mind of her child.

From the day of Henry's death, the Lady Dudley had declined, and she died without forgiving Isabelle.

Sir Ferdinando's resentment had been powerful, but his affection towards his daughter was greater; and when there was no longer any one to keep the former awake, it gradually died away, and the latter revived with all its primitive fervor. He sent for his daughter, was reconciled to her, and breaking

ing up his own household, became an inmate in her mansion. His grandson amused his solitary hours, and made the chords of sensibility vibrate in delicious harmony; whilst Isabelle, with cheerful, unaffected, filial piety, softened the pillow of declining age, and strewed the path that leads but to the grave, with flowers so sweet, its rude descent was scarce perceptible; nor did one thorn or briar appear, to impede the journey, or to wound the foot, that must per force pass over it.

Young Dudley was christened Edward; "For alas!" said his mother, "Henry was an unfortunate name. Carested, almost idolized by his grandfather, and educated immediately under his own eye, Edward almost imperceptibly imbibed the enterprising spirit that had characterized his ancestors.

He delighted in conversing with Otooa, a native of North-America, who was a servant to Sir Ferdinando. His little heart would bound with transport at the description of vast oceans, immeasurable continents, and climes as yet unexplored by Europeans; and, seized with an irresistible desire to visit the new world in America, in the year 1632 embarked for New-England. His inquiring nature found ample gratification, in observing, in this novel scene, the various flowers, plants, shrubs, insects,

insects, birds and animals, to which the European world were strangers. Simple in his manners, rational in his opinions, and truly sincere in his professions of piety, Edward Dudley became a favourite in the colony. And when the death of his grandfather called him home, he was parted with unwillingly, and with sincere regret.

He married, in the year 1644, the Lady Arrabella Ruthven; and the troubles in England soon after increasing, on account of the persecution of Dissenters, whose religious tenets Dudley favoured, he sold his estates; and, purchasing a vessel, which he loaded with provisions, farming utensils, and some merchandize, himself and lady (who, from that time, was styled Dame Arrabella), with an extensive household, embarked for New-Hampshire, and landed, after a fatiguing voyage, in October, 1645, in tolerable health, and most excellent spirits.

CHAP. XVI.

Bidding the tranced fancy fly

O'er oceans vast from shore to shore.

DUDLEY and his fair companion having transported over, in the vessel with themselves, the frame; and every material necessary to form a complete habitation, immediately on landing, employed workmen to set it up; but the cold coming on more rapidly than they expected, but little progress could be made that winter; and Arrabella suffered much inconvenience from the want of those indulgencies to which, from her birth, she had been accustomed. But she was not a woman to complain for trifles, or, having once embarked in a cause, easily to be frightened from pursuing it.

The inclemency of the winter was accordingly passed over with patience; and as soon as the enlivening sun relaxed the springs, and called the tender herbage forth, two apartments in their new house being rendered habitable, she exerted her utmost endeavours to add a degree of neatness and elegance to what was absolutely necessary for comfort.

fort. All the accomplishments she possessed were, at her leisure hours, exerted to embellish and render their dwelling pleasant. It was situated above ten miles from the sea.

Dudley had, on his first arrival, purchased a large tract of uncultivated land. Having got a small portion of it clear, immediately surrounding his habitation, Arrabella, both by her taste, and knowledge in agriculture, assisted in rendering it at once pleasant and serviceable. Part of it was converted into a kitchen garden, to the cultivation of which Arrabella was particularly attentive.— With her own hands would she weed, water, or transplant the young vegetables; and having sown a few flower seeds which she had brought with her from Europe, the watching a plant as it advanced in growth, or a bud as it gradually disclosed the opening flower, afforded her the most innocent satisfaction; and from this constant attention to her garden, she gleaned at once employment, health, and amusement.

But Arrabella did not neglect her needle; and, when the ensuing year produced them a small quantity of flax from their own land, with what exulting pride did she purchase a wheel, and set about manufacturing it into linen for her family use!

Delightful

Delightful age of primitive simplicity, when the mother of a numerous family did not blush (though surrounded by affluence) to set the example of industry to her daughters; when she would preside amongst them, whilst they were converting the produce of their father's flocks and fields into clothing for the family. And with what a laudable pride did she look round on her husband, her children, and servants, and say, "That cloth, that linen, those gowns, are all of our own manufacturing."

Their wants were few, and those few were amply supplied; plenty presided at their board, and cheerfulness was a constant inmate in their dwellings. But indolence introduced luxury, with her innumerable train of artificial wants. Though at first repulsed, still would the sorceress return, varying her shape to gain her favourite point; to pride, she took the form of necessity; to the voluptuous, she wore the semblance of indulgence; to each she appeared in some seductive form, and none but the truly industrious hand and contented heart could bid defiance to her arts. Alas! the number was but small that escaped the contagion she spread through all ranks of people, till at length the fascination became universal. By her magic power she threw a mist over the discerning optics of even
the

the most rational ; they saw not the deformity she concealed under her gorgeous robe, but blindly worshipped, whilst she led them to the very brink of ruin.

A few years rendered the habitation of Dudley and Arrabella extremely delightful ; and, added to other numerous comforts and blessings which they enjoyed, was a rising family of beautiful children. How did this family at once increase the pleasures and the cares of their respectable mother ! Anxious not only for their present, but future happiness, she laboured to cultivate their understandings, and point out to them sources of mental pleasure, that would delightfully fill up every moment when employment paused.

The morning walk, the evening ramble, still afforded something to instruct and improve. Nor was the winter evening sterile or unprofitable.—Edifying conversation, books, and needle-work, charmingly diversified the scene, blending the useful with the agreeable.

It was in the summer of 1661, the eldest child of Dudley, a son named William, who was about fifteen years old, and his youngest, a daughter called Rachel, scarcely two, when some disagreements having fallen out between the native Indians and the English settlers, the former frequently made

inroads

inroads on the latter, plundering and burning their habitations, and either massacring the inhabitants, or taking them prisoners, and carrying them up the country, where they often exercised on them the most wanton barbarity; scalping, maiming, and disfiguring them, if at last they suffered them to escape with life. But what could be expected from the untaught savage, whose territories had been invaded by strangers, and who perhaps had suffered, from the cruelty of the invaders, in the person of a father, brother, son, or some near connexion. Revenge is a principle inherent in human nature, and it is only the sublime and heavenly doctrine of Christianity that teaches us to repel the impulse, and return good for evil.

The morning was fine. Cheerful had Arrabella arose, and, surrounded by her little family, joined with their father in their morning adorations to the Giver of all good. This indispensable duty performed, Dudley went to superintend his mowers; and his wife, calling her girls, to the number of five, together, began the usual task of instruction. But the little Rachel was not inclined to be quiet; she was more inclined for play than sitting still. She climbed up in her mother's lap, kissed her, and in childish sport threw the book on the floor.

“It

"It is impossible to attend seriously to any thing," said her mother, "whilst this little mad-cap is here. Do, William, take her into the garden. William obeyed, and, from the garden, strayed into an adjoining wood, where, intent on a book which his father had desired him to peruse with attention, he suffered the little prattler to play round, pluck flowers, and catch grasshoppers.

Arrabella was pursuing her employment, with all the delight a fond mother can feel, who marks the daily improvement of her children, and sees them eagerly striving who should foremost reach the goal of perfection, when an old servant, the only male then about the house, rushed into the apartment, exclaiming, with looks of horror,—
"The natives! the natives!" Starting from her seat with precipitation, she turned towards the window, and saw a band of savages crossing through a field of corn, not very far from the house. "Fly! fly! my children," she cried, taking the two youngest by the hand; and followed by the eldest, they rushed out of a door that led a contrary way to the road the savages were coming.

There was in the very wood where William had wandered with his infant sister, a cavern formed by the
the

the cu
Arrab
plored
exiger
tremb
nor w
motel
hangi
Rache
"C
she, fu
ther,"
"
"is y
"
sister,
back,
"
again
ward
run i
God
thou
trust
even
this

the cunning hand of nature, the recesses of which Arrabella had in days of happiness frequently explored. Her presence of mind in this terrifying exigence did not forsake her. With hasty, yet trembling steps, she led her children thither; nor was it till resting on the ground in its remotest winding, when she felt her five children hanging about her, that she recollected William and Rachel.

"Oh my children! my children!" exclaimed she, suddenly starting up. "We are all here, mother," they answered with united voices.

"But where, Oh! where" cried she frantically, "is your brother William, and your sister Rachel?"

"Oh! my poor brother, my dear, sweet little sister," said the children severally; "let us go back, mother, let us go back and look for them."

"No, my darlings, no;" she replied, sinking again on the ground, and drawing them closer towards her; "that would indeed be to suffer you to run into the very claws of the destroyer. The great God of heaven and earth inspired me with the thought of bringing you here for safety; he will I trust protect us; and his power to protect and save, even from the jaws of death, is equal throughout this wide-extended universe; he can guard all
your

your brothers, your sister, and your father to;—let us kneel, my children, and implore his mercy.”

At the mention of their father, and the recollection of their brothers, Charles, James, and Christopher, who were in the field with him, the girls wept aloud. Arrabella poured forth her soul in fervent prayer, and the kneeling innocents, in broken accents, sobbed—amen.

The female servants, terrified at the approach of the savages, in their eagerness to elude them, ran directly into their power, and instantly became victims to their fury: they dispatched them with their tomahawks, and stripping off their scalps, kept them as proofs of their endeavours to extirpate the English from amongst them. The man who had alarmed his mistress ran out of the house by the same way she had taken; but thinking it would be right to alarm his master, instead of following her, made the best of his way to the field where the mowers were at work.

The savages having rifled the house of provisions, wearing apparel, and every thing which they conceived would be any ways serviceable to themselves, set fire to it, and then departed, with horrid yells of exultation at having done all the mischief in their power to an English family. William was at the moment the flames burst forth, just returning with
his

his little sister. His father's house on fire, and a band of Indians in frantic rage hastening towards them, was a sight that filled with the most horrid presages the breast of William; he saw there would be no way to escape them; so clasping the infant Rachel in his arms, he knelt on the ground, fear almost suspending every faculty.

One of the foremost of the savage troop had raised his tomahawk to dispatch the boy; but the child, with one arm clinging to her brother's neck, extended the other little innocent hand as if to ward off the blow, and screaming, cried, "Don'tee, don'tee." At that moment a squaw, who held a papoose at her breast, threw herself before the suppliant children, and said in their own language, "You shall not kill the infant."

The attempt seemed to have been the impulse of the moment, for it required but little persuasion to turn the Indian from his purpose; he dropped the instrument of death; William started from the ground, ran to the kind-hearted woman, kissed her hands, bathed them with his tears, and pointing to the sky, gave her to understand, that the Power who dwelt above that azure firmament would reward her. Her own infant being returned to her back (the mode in which the Indian women in general carry their children), she took Rachel in her arms;

arms ; and William being made to assist in carrying their plunder, they proceeded on their march ; a weary march it was to the poor little captives.

Otawee, for that was the name of their protectress, did all she could to make little Rachel easy, but she continued at intervals to cry for her mother ; and William, his feet lacerated by the sharp flints and thorns he encountered in the rugged paths through which he was obliged to pass, his heart bleeding for what he thought must have been the fate of his beloved parents, brothers, and sisters, proceeded as well as he could till towards the evening of the second day, when, overcome with fatigue, grief, and long fasting (for he could not eat the food they offered him), he fell fainting to the earth. Fortunately they were now near the end of their march, or it is more than probable the unfortunate boy would have been left to perish in the woods. As it was, two young Indians bore him between them to the water side, put him in a canoe, and Otawee sitting down beside him, threw water on his face, raised his head on her knee, and forcing him to swallow a little spirits, he by degrees recovered.

This party of plunderers were natives of Narhaganset. Two or three unprincipled and licentious Europeans having made incursions amongst them, plundering

plundering their little settlements, burning their wigwams, and practising other enormities, as must certainly awaken a spirit of revenge in the bosom of persons better regulated than those of untutored savages: several families who had been particularly injured, formed themselves into a party, and embarking in their canoes, proceeded up Connecticut river, landing wherever they thought there was no fear of opposition, and wreaking their vengeance on the unguarded and innocent inhabitants.

Dudley had from his first settlement, been a man of peace; happy in his family, fully employed in cultivating and improving his little domain, he stepped not out of his own domestic concerns, except it was to assist a neighbour (for any European family, settled within twenty miles, was at that early period termed a neighbour), or to instruct a new settler in the best mode of clearing his lands; to which instructions he ever readily added any help his servants, horses, oxen, or even himself could give.

Such a man could hardly be supposed an object of enmity to any; but his habitation had been marked by an Indian who had strayed from his companions; its lonely situation, its flourishing appearance, which promised plenty of plunder without fear of opposition, determined them to attack

it; but when they had committed this outrage on a quiet, inoffensive family, they well knew it would not be long before they were pursued. They accordingly made all the haste they could to the place where they had left their canoes, and embarking with the plunder they had obtained, proceeded immediately home. On their way thither, meeting with a party who came from the more eastern parts, and fearful that the young captives they had might, if seen, betray them to the English, they sold them, and William and Rachel were carried to a greater distance than it could hardly be believed possible for the Indians to proceed in their little birch canoes. When, being landed on a very wild and totally uncultivated place, they were marched three days journey from the seashore, and presented to the squaw of their sachem for servants.

Otooganoo was a man naturally gentle, fond of peace, and eager in his endeavours to promote the welfare of his people; he had ever recommended to them to treat the strangers who were come to settle amongst them with hospitality; but it was not in his power to restrain the impetuosity of youth, or to curb the licentious hand of the rapacious. When the young captives were brought to his wigwam, he rebuked those who brought them,

them, and bade William to banish all his fears ; for he would be a father to him, and if ever opportunity offered, restore him to his natural parent. His wife was particularly pleased with little Rachel ; and the kindness of these two good Indians rendered the lives of the brother and sister as comfortable as the nature of their situation would admit of.



CHAP. XVII.

Real Afflictions.

AT the alarm given by the servant mentioned in the preceding chapter, Mr. Dudley, accompanied by his labourers and little sons, made all possible haste to the house ; but who can describe his feelings, when he beheld the mansion where he had taken his morning's repast in all the security of conscious innocence of heart, and in which he had left those treasures of his soul, his wife and seven children, a heap of smoking ruins ? When he beheld,

held, stretched on the earth, the mangled bodies of his female servants, the fortitude of the man was lost in the anguish of the husband and father. He raised his hands and eyes in agony towards heaven, his heart was too much oppressed to allow even the relief of tears, and he fell lifeless to the ground. His three sons endeavoured to raise him; they called repeatedly on his name; and finding he remained totally insensible, wrung their hands, and wept with convulsive violence.

At length nature, which had been only stunned by the suddenness and greatness of the affliction, in some measure revived. He raised his eyes, he cast them on his weeping boys, and as if, at the sight of them, recollecting that it was a signal mercy that they were saved from the general wreck, he endeavoured to repel the sensibility that had overpowered him, and summon resolution to search round the garden, fields, and out-houses, some of which had escaped the fury of the Indians.

But in vain he sought, in vain he repeatedly called on Arrabella and her children, not a vestige of them could he find. That they escaped out of the house before the savages entered, the servant had informed him; but their weakness from age and sex, he imagined would prevent their going far. They might be overtaken in their flight;—
they

they might be carried into captivity;—a thousand conjectures presented themselves to his distracted thoughts, but none of them glanced towards the right. At length, weary and heart-broken, he was persuaded by his servants to go, with the remains of his family, to the nearest European settlement. Accordingly they put the children in a cart, and Mr. Dudley mounting a horse, the labourers followed in the best manner they were able, and late at night they arrived at Plymouth, where the relation of the sad events of the day filled the whole settlement with alarm. Every one was ready to sympathize with the respected Dudley, and their sympathy was doubly cordial, as in pitying him, each father of a family felt it might have been his own case.

But to return to the afflicted mother and her daughters. Never was a day and a night passed in more agony, never did day and night appear so tedious;—the mother trembling for the fate of her children, and in her own mind certain that her husband and their father had fallen victims to their savage foe, shuddered at every blast of wind that howled through the dreary cavern, thinking it was the yell of the Indians. And if, during the long, long night, weary nature paused in momentary forgetfulness, she would start with redoubled terror,

and call on her children severally, fearing, whilst she had ceased to watch, they might have been snatched from her.

Several times did she venture almost to the mouth of the recess; but the rustling of the trees, the sound of animals' feet, which she mistook for human, would make her run back; and nothing but the most pressing calls of hunger, which her children began to express by loud and impatient cries, could have driven her at last from her retreat.

She ventured at last entirely to quit it, and with feeble steps led her almost famished little group towards the place where their mansion had stood; but alas! no mansion was there. Faint and dispirited, she sat down on a rock, and gave free vent to the agony of her soul.

"Do not cry so, mother," said the eldest girl, her own voice almost choaked with sobs. "I am very hungry," said a younger one.

"Oh my children! my children!" cried the distracted mother, "we must all perish together. Your father is no more; your mother has neither bread to give you or where to shelter you from the inclemency of the weather, unless we return to the cavern, and I fear we are too much exhausted to reach even that asylum again to-night."

"There

"There is the corn-barn, mother," said one of them, "let us go there." Arrabella consented; they entered it, and some few grains of Indian corn being scattered here and there, the children gathered them up, and ate them with avidity; but it was a kind of food, however faint and exhausted, their mother could not swallow. From the ruins of the house they brought part of an earthen pan; this they took to the spring, washed it clean, and took it full of water to her; she drank, and was in some small degree refreshed.

Arrabella had it in contemplation to go to Plymouth; but her own increasing weakness, and the extreme youth of two of her girls, made her reject the idea as impracticable; added to which, in the afternoon was a heavy tempest of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, which would have made such a journey almost impossible, even in the best circumstances.

During the whole night, the tempest continued; and in the morning this unfortunate mother was so reduced by anguish of heart and continued fasting, added to the damp of the floor on which she lay, which had given her a violent cold, and stiffened all her limbs, as to find herself totally unable to rise. She firmly believed her last hour was at hand, and recommending her children to the protection

tection of the Almighty, she lay, in silent and uncomplaining expectation of terminating a life, in which she had enjoyed a very large share of happiness, and which, deprived of its chief comfort in the chosen friend and partner of her heart, had now no longer any charms for her.

The elder girls, by searching abroad, had procured some little sustenance from the fields and hedges; and this they would have gladly shared with their sisters; but alas! poor innocents, they were too far exhausted to be revived by the participation. They lay on the floor beside their mother, and a faint moan, expressive of their sufferings, was the only sign they gave of existence.

The third morning dawned from the time of the enemy's invasion, and still no hope of relief presented itself to the mind of Arrabella; and indeed to such a state was she reduced, that hope, fear, every lively sentiment was extinct, and a torpid despair had taken entire possession of her soul.

Dudley, from excessive anxiety, was so very ill as to be unable to leave his bed. The three boys were stationary in his chamber; they hung over him, they administered every nourishment or medicine the doctor prescribed. Whilst he slept, they waited in trembling silence; and when he awoke,

awoke, eagerly strove who should receive his first request, and fly to comply with it.

But the old servant, and one of the labourers, after talking the matter over one evening, resolved upon visiting the scene of desolation the ensuing morning, to see if any thing worth preservation could be found amongst the ruins. It need hardly be mentioned, that in those early days, superstition (the natural attendant on ignorant minds and contracted educations), pervaded the understandings of almost every class of people.

During the walk of old Philip and his companion, from Plymouth to the domain of Dudley, their conversation had turned chiefly on spirits, haunted houses, and supernatural appearances of every kind. Philip affirmed, that it was his belief innocent blood was never spilt, but that the spirit of the departed nightly visited the spot where it had been driven from its earthly tabernacle, and called for vengeance on the murderer; nor would it be at peace till that vengeance was executed. "And for my part," continued he, with great earnestness, his astonished auditor (who, not knowing how to read and write his own name, looked upon Philip, who could, as a wonder of learning) listening with astonishment, "for my part, I would no more go to these ruins after sunset, than I would put my

hand into a burning fire ; for I have no doubt but my poor mistress and her dear little ones—" And here he paused to give vent to a gush of tears, and then, as if thinking such weakness in a man required an excuse, he added, " She was a good mistress ; we all loved her like a mother."

" Yes, that we did," replied his companion ;—" I shall never see the likes of her."

" Don't say that," replied Philip ; " I hope there be many as good ; but I am morally certain it be an impossibility to find a better. But as I was saying, I dares to say she do walk over the ruins every night, and with her dear little girls.— Oh ! mercy on me, what's that ? Only that it be noon-day, or I should think——"

" As I am a sinner," said the other, " I do see summat as like little Eliza."

They stopped they gazed upon what, at the moment, they believed a vision ; it was the eldest daughter of Dudley, who, having strayed toward the road, in the hope of seeing some human being, of whom she might solicit help for her dying mother and sisters ; she saw Philip approaching, and instantly knew him. The excess of her joy had nearly proved fatal to her, and she sunk down amongst some bushes, which instantaneously concealing

cealing her, the simple clowns imagined she had vanished.

“Well, could not you have sworn you saw her?” said Philip.

“Yes, indeed,” replied the other, “I would take my Bible oath of it.”

They had now got nearly opposite the shrubs which concealed her. The poor child had not entirely fainted; but her languid frame, overcome by the sudden flood of transport that rushed on her heart at the sight of a human creature, and one she knew, had occasioned a momentary suspension of her faculties. She heard their steps as they approached nearer, and raising herself on her knees, cried, “Philip, dear, good Philip!” at the same time extending her hand towards him.

Philip trembled, stood aghast, and struggled for breath. His companion covered his face with his hat, and fell on his knees. But Eliza soon dissipated their fears, by coming feebly towards them, again repeating, “Philip, dear Philip!” Then earnestly clasping her hands, she added, “Come, come, and save my mother.”

Fearful conjecture was now lost in joyful certainty. “It is Eliza herself,” cried Philip, catching her up in his arms.—“She is alive! Oh! thank God! thank God! And my mistress too.—

How did you escape the Indians? Oh! this will cure my master; this will make him forget his other losses; they are nothing. A man may build another house, but where could he find another wife like my worthy Madam Dudley?"

They now, directed by Eliza, had reached the place where, scarcely existing, lay the despairing Arrabella. One child lay on her left arm, its head resting on her bosom; another lay at her feet, to all appearance inanimate; a third was seated at a little distance, supporting, in her feeble arms, a younger sister.

"Oh merciful!" said Philip; "good father, what's here? My mistress and my sweet little ladies all dying. Go run," turning to the labourer, "run back to town, tell them to send a cart, to send victuals and drink, and a nurse and a doctor, with bed and a bedstead, and every thing. Good Sirs, what shall I do? Why don't you run? What do you stand for?"

In this manner did Philip exclaim, walking backward and forward in wild disorder; one moment stopping to gaze at the pale, and almost inanimate form of Arrabella, and the next running from one child to the other, sometimes weeping, sometimes bidding them to be hearty, and frequently searching
his

his pockets, as though he could, in them, find something to satisfy their hunger.

Extreme sensibility is often not only painful to the possessor, but prejudicial to those whom we may wish to serve. Philip, with a soul exquisitely formed to dictate all the soft offices of humanity, was not so capable of rendering a real service to his distressed mistress as was the labourer, who, simply comprehending the necessity of immediate relief being obtained, exerted his utmost speed to return to Plymouth, where, explaining the nature and urgency of his errand, a short time only elapsed before, with an easy conveyance, restorative cordials, and several women, he again reached the desolated mansion of Dudley.

The meeting between Arrabella, her husband and children, was too pathetic to admit of description. The joy such an unexpected meeting occasioned would have been too exquisite for human nature to support, had it not been allayed by the certainty that William and Rachel were lost beyond hope of recovery. With hearts overflowing with transport, they blessed God that eight of their children were living; and though they acutely felt the loss of two, yet gratitude tempered affliction, and prevented their repining at the decrees of
Him,

Him, whose judgments ever go hand in hand with his mercies.

When Dudley's health was in some measure restored, he began to think of preparing another habitation before the approach of winter; but no persuasion could prevail on him to suffer another house to be erected on the spot where he had formerly lived. He even took a dislike to the whole colony of New-Hampshire, and selling his lands, he joined a number of persons, at that time about to make a settlement at Casco-Bay.

It was in vain Arrabella represented to him the difficulty of clearing and cultivating a new spot; his mind had never regained its firmness after the shock it had received, and he persisted in removing, from the bosom of his friends, to an uncultivated wilderness. But Arrabella was no longer in her prime. The brilliant genius, and industrious hands which had contributed to improve and embellish their former dwelling, debilitated by sickness and sorrow, had sunk into inanity.

For fifteen years, Dudley and his wife suffered almost every species of affliction which human nature can endure and live. The throat-distemper raged, and in ten days swept off all their children; the cold Arrabella had contracted in the cavern, and sleeping on the damp floor of the corn-barn, had

had given her a rheumatic complaint, which often confined her eight months out of the twelve.—Dudley sought, in the society of his neighbours, a relief from reflection; and his intellectual faculties were so weakened, that he easily became the dupe of the artful or avaricious, and his sixtieth birthday beheld him poor in purse, depressed in spirit, and devoid of health.

“And if virtue, piety, and integrity, are thus overwhelmed with misery,” asks the man who professes infidelity, “who can believe in an overruling Power, who punishes the evil doer, and rewards the good according to their works?”

“All must, all do, who do not wilfully harden their hearts, and shut their eyes against the light of Heaven,” replies the humbly hoping Christian;—“for as the mansion of an earthly king is adorned by gold seven times tried, silver purified by fire, and precious stones, which, ere they attain a proper brilliancy, must submit to the knife, the saw, or chisel of the artist; so must those souls, destined to shine in the everlasting mansion of the King of kings, pass through the fiery ordeal of affliction, be purified, and polished by the correcting finger of the great Source and First Cause of all symmetry and beauty.”

CHAP. XVIII.

William and Rachel.

IN the year 1674, the war between the native Americans and the European settlers raged with uncommon fury. William Dudley, who had, with his little sister, been carried into captivity in 1661, had now become a personage of great consequence amongst them. Otooganoo, the sachem to whom he had been presented, possessing talents naturally good, and thirsting for knowledge, yet unable to attain it, soon learnt, from his conversations with William, that he could, in some measure, gratify this very laudable desire to be instructed. William, though young, had, by attention to the documents of his father, and the milder instructions of his mother, obtained a very decent knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history.

Otooganoo no sooner made this discovery, than William became to him the most valuable thing he possessed. "I will certainly restore him to his European friends," said he; "but he shall first teach

teach me all he knows. In the mean time, I will be kind to him; nor shall his little sister ever want a friend or protector; as soon as he has imparted to me his stock of knowledge, I will certainly send him to his friends."

Thus argued Otooganoo. But, alas! human nature will be human nature; and when the period arrived that he had gleaned all the knowledge poor William had to impart, his heart was so attached to him, his society had afforded him so many days, months, years of real felicity, that he made to his own conscience daily fresh excuses for not sending him from him.

William himself, though he frequently spoke of them, and expressed a wish to see his parents, no longer felt that ardent desire to return to them which he experienced in the early days of his captivity. He had become insensibly attached to Otooganoo; and as, from the effects of his instructions, his protector had made rapid advances towards civilization, had entirely lost his natural ferocity, and attained such a degree of rational information, as made him a pleasant companion, William felt that attachment daily increase.

Otooganoo had a daughter. Oberea was full five years younger than William; she was tall, straight, and finely formed. She was, at the time
of

of his arrival amongst them, a lively girl of ten years old, wild as the rein-deer, that with fleet steps bounds over the frozen plains of Lapland, and untutored as it is possible for a human being to be. Her looks, her words, her actions, were the genuine impulses of nature.

As the little Rachel increased in years, it was the employment of her brother's leisure hours, to instruct her in the English language in the best manner possible. The book he had with him, on the morning of his capture, was of infinite assistance to him, as, by looking at that, he was enabled to form a very tolerable alphabet upon bark, using some of their strong dye instead of ink; and this alphabet served alike, Otooganoo, Rachel and Oberea, who delighted in partaking their lessons, and profited daily by his instructions.

Educated under the immediate eye of a woman like Arrabella, it may naturally be supposed, William, though young, had imbibed very strong and just ideas of female delicacy and decorum; and these ideas he laboured incessantly to impress on the mind of his sister. Oberea listened attentively, and treasured every sentence he uttered in her heart. She had heard him tell his sister, that his countrywomen were the most charming women in the world, and Oberea early formed the wish of
being

being thought charming in the eyes of William. This wish was a powerful talisman to correct the bad effects of habit, and at the age of seventeen, she was so much superior in manner to her uncivilized associates, that William, without being aware of it, adored the lovely statue his art had animated.

He was not sensible of the excess of his tenderness for the charming Indian, till an accident, by nearly depriving him of her, convinced him at once how necessary she was to his happiness. Some Indians, who dwelt in the town with them, having by traffic with the Europeans, who inhabited the sea-coasts, procured two or three muskets, one was brought and presented to Otooganoo, who being mightily pleased with the present, loaded it, with a design of going out in pursuit of game; but not putting his design in immediate execution, it was left standing in one corner of the wigwam. A young savage, particularly attached to Oberea, took it up to examine it, and not understanding how to handle it properly, touched the trigger. It went off, and the contents were lodged in the right side of Oberea.

William heard the report, and the instant cries of his sister; he flew to them, and entering, saw both his sister and her he now found he loved equal
with

with her, lying on the ground, which was covered with blood. The young man, frantic at what had happened, told what he had done, and that he feared he had killed both the girls; but Rachel's fall was the effect of sudden surprise, and it was soon discovered she was not in the least hurt. But Oherea wounded, to all appearance dying, was an object distracting to William. He raised her in his arms, called aloud for help, and having assisted his sister and an old squaw, to staunch the blood, and bind up the wounds, which were chiefly in the fleshy part of the arm, and having seen her open her eyes, and sign to him that she knew him, he walked backwards and forwards, watching her as she dozed, sometimes applying a feather to her mouth to be satisfied that she still breathed, and often kneeling down to kiss her hand, which lay motionless on the outside of the bed.

Otooganoo, during the time she was thought in danger, observed the extreme solicitude of William, and when she was perfectly recovered, thus addressed him: "You have been to me, young Englishman, a friend, a companion, an instructor, now about eight years. I love you with sincerity, and I believe you love me."

"Do you doubt?" asked William eagerly.

"No,

“ No, I do not for a moment doubt your sincerity, but I have also discovered that you love my daughter. Your counsels and instructions have rendered her unfit to match with any of her own countrymen; you are now almost become one of us; take her, then, to wife; and when age, infirmity, or death shall occasion me to cease from the cares of life, supply my place, govern my people, direct them by your wisdom, teach them the real value of well-constructed laws, encourage them in studying the arts of war; yet lead them, by your example and forbearance, to cultivate a social and commercial intercourse, and to preserve peace with your countrymen, who are become their neighbours, as long as they can preserve it with honour.”

William, weaned from his natural friends, tenderly attached to Oberca, perhaps not altogether insensible to the charms of power, and harbouring a fond hope, that by this union with the family of a sachem, he might promote the interests of his countrymen in general, and be the cement to bind them in bonds of lasting amity, listened with delighted attention, plighted his vows of love and constancy to Otooganoo, and in a few days ratified those vows, by binding himself, by the most sacred
of

of all ties, to protect and love through life his charming Oberca.

Otooganoo lived to see his son-in-law equally beloved and respected with himself, to embrace a grandson, whom William called Reuben : " For," said he, " I have been a bondman and a servant unto my wife's father, and this my first-born shall pay my ransom."

As the old sachem felt his hour approaching, he called his chiefs, and the oldest men of his tribe, about him ; and taking the little Reuben in his arms, whilst Oberca, William, and Rachel stood on his right hand, thus addressed them :

" Warriors and Chiefs, Natives and undoubted Lords of this vast country, listen to your departing father. I have ruled over you now above forty years ; I have ever found you obedient to my commands, and affectionate to my family. But the great Spirit, whose throne is on the loftiest mountain, and whose breath passing over the great lake, can make it rage even as the wild tyger, when, suddenly springing from his secret hiding-place, he tears and mangles his defenceless prey ; or softly moving over its broad surface, renders it smooth, beautiful, and enticing as is the syren, who charms but to destroy ; this wondrous, incomprehensible Spirit, who gave me life and motion,

recalls

recalls the precious gift, and in a short time I shall be dust."

Otooganoo paused; his whole soul was filled with the sublimity of the BEING of whom he had been speaking, and a moment was given to feelings beyond expression exquisite. Recovering the firmness of his voice, he thus proceeded:

"Friends, Countrymen, Children, had I a son, I well know your unanimous consent would nominate him my successor. Behold, then, the son of my choice, the friend of my soul, the husband of my daughter. He is brave, he is wise, he is humane! alike competent to prosecute war with vigour, or preserve peace with honour. He is, you will say, a son of our invaders, of our common enemy. But consider them as enemies no longer. Bury the war-hatchet twenty feet under ground, and smoke the great pipe of peace, whose fragrance may ascend even to the heaven of heavens. Hail these Europeans as brethren, and follow henceforth their precept, of doing as you would be done by."

"We will! we will!" they all exclaimed; when Otooganoo thus continued:

"Chiefs, Elders, and brother Warriors, in recommending to your choice this young man, I mean not to relinquish the affection you have ever shown

shown my family. No. Behold this child, the son of my daughter; in him you see your rightful sachem. But I am passing from this world to the land of spirits, and this infant is incompetent to supply my place. Who then so able, who so worthy as his father, to govern and direct you, and instruct the young sachem how to guard your liberties, and preserve your love inviolate."

Otooganoo ceased, and an old warrior thus replied: "The offspring of Otooganoo, the son of Oberea, will ever be honoured and respected. We are content to receive, during his childhood, the Englishman William, and to adopt the new faith thou hast lately taught and practised. As the Europeans deal by us, so deal we by them, and the great Spirit judge us both."

Otooganoo survived this conference but a few days; he passed (to use his own expression) to the land of spirits, and William Dudley was chosen sachem in his stead, by the unanimous voice of the whole tribe.

"As the Europeans deal by us, so deal we by them, and the great Spirit judge us both." This was the oath they took, and most religiously did they keep it. But if the professors of Christianity practise not themselves what they would teach to others, who can blame the savage, who (in seeking
his

his own gratification, or promoting his own interest, regards not the happiness or interest of a fellow-creature) follows but the example set him?

The new settlers made daily encroachments on the native inhabitants, drove them from their lands, robbed them of their wives, and made their children prisoners. Was it in human nature to bear these injuries tamely? No; they resented them. And even William himself, though his heart bled at what must be the consequence, could not attempt to repel the spirit of just vengeance that actuated the minds of all. War was declared on both sides, and pursued with unremitting fury.

Amongst the young warriors that lived under the government of William, was Yankoo. He was intrepid, bold, and daring. He hated the Europeans; yet, spite of that hate, which seemed inherent in his nature, his heart was susceptible of tenderness for one of the race. The beauty of Rachel had penetrated his soul. He loved, revealed his love, and found it was returned.

The war continuing to rage, it became necessary for the sachem in person to quit his home, and head his warriors. The undaunted Oberea would follow her husband to the field, and Rachel, though naturally more timid, yet having her nerves new-strung by affection, accompanied her. They en-

camped near the sea shore. By the morning's dawn they expected the enemy.

Yankoo passed a few hours the preceding evening in the wigwam of Oberea. "Oh! my friend," said Rachel, as she was parting from him, "be careful of your own life for my sake; and if at any time your tomahawk should be raised against an ancient Englishman, pause for a moment, and think, perhaps it may be the father of Rachel, and let the idea disarm your rage."

"It would do so," replied Yankoo, "did I not at the same time remember, that every Englishman is the enemy of my country."

"Would you not spare my father then?" said Rachel.

"No! not even my own father in such a cause," answered the warrior, and broke from her embrace. Rachel retired to her bed, and passed the night in tears.

CHAP. XIX.

Long looked for come at last—Reuben and Rachel born.

THE situation or feelings of William Dudley were at this period by no means enviable. Ruler over a nation of savages, who by their attachment and fidelity had conciliated his affection, his principles would by no means suffer him to desert their cause in the hour of danger; yet remembering that his natural parents were Europeans, and the tenderness he once experienced from them not being extinct in his bosom, he felt his heart divided between two separate interests; and if at any time a skirmish took place, he would think that, perhaps, amongst the killed or wounded of the enemy, he might have to lament a father or a brother. And whilst he was publicly obliged to appear rejoiced at the success of the Indians, he would privately lament the defeat of his own countrymen.

The soul of Rachel was equally agitated. Alas! who can describe the feelings of a heart thus divided? She dared not pray, for to which party could

she wish success? "Oh! save, protect and support my father," she would cry; then in a moment recollecting, she would wring her hands and cry, "Oh! poor Yankoo!" It is anguish only to be felt, it is impossible to convey the smallest idea of its excruciating tortures, to any who have not experienced the agonizing effects of divided affection.

The English had been driven to the very borders of the sea; the Indians had pursued them with unremitting fury, ravaging the habitations, and, giving the unoffending inmates a quick passport to eternal rest with their tomahawks, nor command nor entreaty could restrain their impetuosity.

William had followed a party led by Yankoo, to a house situated in a deep wood. As they approached, a cry of terror issued from the dwelling. The heart of William throbbed with anxiety; he quickened his steps, and arrived at the door just as Yankoo had dragged forth by his venerable locks, a man, whom he no sooner beheld, than he recognized the features of his father. The arm was raised that was meant to destroy him.

"Hold, monster! barbarian!" exclaimed William, and throwing himself on the body of his father, received the falling weapon on his own shoulder.

shoulder. It fell heavy, it sunk deep. and the blood issued in a torrent from the wound.

Yankoo recoiled with horror ; he beheld his ruler, his friend, and more than those, the brother of Rachel, weltering in gore, wounded even unto death, and by his hand. He knelt upon the ground, he took his hand. " Oh ! brave warrior," said he, " why did you throw yourself in my way ?" William raised himself, and pointing to old Mr. Dudley, cried, " To save a father."

The old gentleman, in some measure relieved from his fright, endeavoured to rise from the earth ; but hearing the expression of father from the lips of one whom he supposed an Indian chief, the truth began to dawn upon his mind. He knelt beside the dying sachem, and taking his hand, looked earnestly in his face, and cried, " Is it indeed possible ? are you my son ?"

" Your own son William," replied the bleeding warrior.

" But alas !" said the old man, " you are, I fear, mortally wounded."

" And if I am," replied the heroic William, " it is a glorious wound ; for I give my life to preserve the life of him from whom I received it."

As he finished these words, he fell back and his eyes closed. The whole party were now assembled round their wounded chief; they raised him from the earth, and bore him into his father's cottage, where, confined by infirmity, was the unfortunate patient Arrabella. She had heard the exclamations of her husband; her heart had not yet become callous to misery. The beholding her long-lost son, was double agony, since she but beheld his closing scene. He recovered a moment after they had laid him on the bed, gazed on the countenance of his mother, faintly articulated her name, and his last breath passed in imploring a blessing on her.

The news of their fathem's death, and by whom, soon reached the tribe William had governed, and they repaired to the place of his decease, vowing revenge on his murderer; for in that light they looked upon Yankoo. But when they rushed furiously into the house, intending to wreak their vengeance on him, the mute sorrow depicted on his face, as with his arms folded on his bosom he stood contemplating the mangled form of his departed friend, for a moment disarmed their rage. He saw them enter, and advancing intrepidly towards them :

“ Friends,

"Friends, Countrymen, and brother Warriors," said he, with a firm voice, "that I have incurred your hatred, that your rage is justly excited, is a truth I pretend not to evade or deny. I have deserved death at your hands, and behold, here I stand prepared to meet it. Strike; I will not flinch; or lead me forth, and let me experience the most cruel tortures, I will not complain; nor sigh nor groan shall escape my lips. Alas! if torture could wring them from me, how loud would my lamentations now be! The chief whom we all loved, the man we all revered, is gone to the land of spirits; is gone to that Father, that great First Cause, of whom we have so often heard him speak. He is passed from us, and my hand gave the passport, signing it with his blood."

He paused, and his untamed spirit swelled even to his eyes; but he repelled the tokens of his sensibility, that were almost bursting from the glistening orbits, and struggling for a moment to recover the firmness of his voice, proceeded:

"Thou art gone, brave chief! (turning as he spoke towards the body of his friend) thou art gone; and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place? Thou wert bold and daring as the young lion, and like him, generous and

noble, exerted not thy power against the feeble and defenceless. Firm and unshaken in asserting the rights of innocence, as the mountain whose foundation is in the centre of the earth, and whose top reacheth unto the clouds; yet gentle as the south-west breeze on an evening in the blossom season, and complying as the willow, that inclines its head as the breeze passes. Thy voice was the voice of wisdom: thy words taught lessons, which thy example enforced. But thou art gone! and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place? Thou wert glorious as the sun at his uprising, mild and beautiful as the beams of the moon, when it dances on the bosom of the lake which the wind gently agitates. In the chase fleet as the young stag, and the arrow from thy bow never missed its aim. Thou didst speak, and none could refuse to believe; thou didst command, and none but were eager to obey. The bad loved whilst they feared thee; the good adored, and endeavoured to imitate thee. Under thy wise government we rested in peace, on mats made of osiers: our wigwams were improved, our bows better strung, our corn was multiplied an hundred fold, and our skins dried with more care. In peace thou wert as the dew of the evening, refreshing and invigorating all who lived beneath thy influence; and in war terrible as the tempest that
breaks

breaks the tall pine, roots up the stubborn oak, and makes the forest tremble as it rushes with tremendous fury through it. Thy enemies beheld thee, and fear shook their souls: thou wert the father of thy people, Oh valiant sachem. But thou art gone—by my hand gone! and where shall thy equal be found to supply thy place?"

The numerous affecting images he had called together, whilst speaking the eulogium of the deceased, had now awakened feelings too powerful to be repressed. The afflictions of his heart burst forth in loud lamentations. The rage of his countrymen was totally subdued; they dropped their tomahawks, and joined him in piercing cries and groans, repeating at intervals, "Our chief, our warrior, our friend is gone, and who can supply his place?"

Arrabella had not lived so many years in the very bosom of America, at different times obliged to have some kind of intercourse with the natives, without attaining a considerable knowledge of their language. She listened whilst Yankoo was speaking, and as he enumerated the virtues of her son, she felt that, amongst the tears of regret that fell for his death, were some of exultation that he had deserved such an eulogium, and her heart was consoled.

But who can paint the anguish, the distress of Rachel, or the distraction of Oberea? When they heard the fatal tidings, they sought the body of their husband, brother, chief. But here nor tears nor cries declared their sorrow. When the soul is too full, language is of little use. There are no words capable of expressing real affliction.

Oberea led her son Reuben, now nearly six years old, to the bed on which lay the corpse of his father, and pointing to the body, pronounced in a tone deeply mournful, "Behold!"

"My father!" said the boy, and terrified at his ghastly appearance, clasped his arms round his mother, and hid his face in her bosom. She seated herself on the side of the bed, folded her arms round her child, and resting her head on his shoulder, appeared the mute image of despair.

The feelings of Rachel would have been equally poignant, had they not been directed to another channel. She had, as she entered the apartment, faintly articulated the word *brother*. Arrabella caught the sound, and calling her daughter by name, Rachel was folded in a moment to her bosom, and in the embrace of a new-found mother, felt a relief from her sorrows. Dudley kissed his daughter with tenderness, but the lively affection he had once experienced towards his children was now

almost extinct. It had indeed for a moment revived when he heard the voice of William, but the icy finger of death had silenced that voice for ever, and the heart of Dudley could no more vibrate with the exquisite delights springing from paternal love.

By the united efforts of Rachel and Arrabella, Oberea was at last aroused from that state of apparent insensibility into which she had fallen. Rachel released her arms from the neck of her child, and drew her gently towards her mother, who soothed, caressed, and called her her dear daughter, the relic of her beloved William.

At the name of William, she started. Arrabella perceived she had awakened her attention, and from her own son, made a quick transition to the son of Oberea. She begged her to call forth her fortitude, to exert the faculties of her mind, and as she loved her husband, for his sake, live, to protect and instruct his son.

“I am his mother,” said she; “have I not reason to lament the loss of a son so worthy? But that he was worthy is my comfort. Had he not a thousand virtues? and will you not strive to live to teach his son to emulate his father, to be as good, as great, as wise as he was?”

Oberea

Oberea cast her eyes on her child, then suddenly covering her face with part of her garments, she wept aloud. The desired end was now attained. Acute sensibility being relieved by the effusion, Arrabella was silent, and leaving nature to its course, waited till the first rude shock was past before she attempted, by reasoning, to convince her of the inutility of grieving. Alas! it was a lesson (hard as it was) which Arrabella had long since learned; but it is what the children of sorrow all learn. Repeated disappointment first blunts the keenness of our feelings; corroding sorrow, from overstraining, weakens the chords of sensibility, and at length age and infirmity, creeping by chilling yet almost imperceptible degrees through the whole system, totally relaxes every fibre, whilst the heart becomes cold and impenetrable as the ice on the highest summit of the Andes.

The Indians mourned with sincerity for their departed sachem. The chiefs and elders assembled, declared that Reuben, when of a proper age, should fill the seat of government, till when they entreated Dudley to take the charge of his education. In the mean time, they prepared to inter the remains of their chief with every mark of respect and honour. But on the very day when the solemnity was to be performed, the Europeans made

an

an unexpected fall on them, routed the main body, killed many, and took the remainder prisoners. Amongst those who fell was Yankoo; he fought, defending the house where lay the body of William, and died exhorting his companions to conquer or die.

Dudley, his wife and daughter, with Oberea and Reuben, were conducted to an English settlement, where the former sunk into a state of debility nearly approaching second childhood, and in a few months rested from all his sorrows. When this event took place, Arrabella determined to return to England, partly from the hope of her native air acting as a restorative to her health, and partly in the wish of securing to Reuben the estates of his great grandfather, Sir Ferdinando Gorges; besides which, she knew that in Europe she could procure him to be properly educated, which the very imperfect state of literature in America, at that early period, would not allow her to hope, should she continue there. Rachel of consequence accompanied her mother; and Oberea, attached to them by every tender tie, would not be left behind. "The mother and the son of my William," said she, "I will follow to the furthest part of the earth."

It

It was early in the spring of 1680, when the widow Arrabella Dudley, her daughter, daughter-in-law, and grandson arrived in England, from which she had been absent about thirty-four years. Internal feuds and discontents had driven herself and husband at first from their native land, and these feuds in some measure still continued.

Arrabella found it would be in vain to solicit for any part of the property of Sir Ferdinando. Himself and family in general had been attached to the royal party; and during the years Dudley had been absent from England, the estates had passed through so many different hands, that it was almost impossible to trace them; or could she have done so, she would have found it difficult to make Reuben be received as the heir; his dark complexion, the nature of his father's marriage with Oberea, which in law would have been termed illegal, all militated against success, should any suit be commenced against the present possessors; and Arrabella wisely determined to consider them as inevitably lost.

She herself inherited, from the bequest of an aunt, a small estate in Lancashire, and thither she retired, where, devoting one half of its produce to the education of Reuben, she made the other half serve all the purposes of life; and this estate was worth
but

but three hundred pounds per annum: yet Arrabella was contented, and enjoyed not only the necessities, but the comforts of life. Her own appearance and that of her daughters was always neat, always respectable; and their countenances ever serene, if not cheerful: but their hands were constantly employed, and indolence and luxury were alike strangers in their dwelling.

A return to her native climate, added to the tranquillity she enjoyed, in a great measure restored the health of the widow Arrabella.

Rachel, true to the first impulse of her heart, refused to marry, though her beauty and sweetness had attracted many suitors. "I may," she would say, "find men more accomplished, who will talk with more eloquence, are more polished in their manners, but where shall I find the equal to Yankoo for sincerity?" Rachel preferred a state of "single blessedness."

Oberea lived to see her son attain his twenty-third year, to see him beloved and respected by all who knew him; she then fell a victim to an autumnal fever: she had lived beloved, and died universally lamented.

About eighteen months after the death of his mother, Reuben became acquainted with Cassiah Penn. Cassiah was tall, well-shaped, not so fair as
to

to be pale, nor dark enough to be termed brown; it was a beautiful mixture of the white-rose and carnation that glowed on her forehead, tinted her cheeks, and gave animation to her dark hazel eyes. Her face, which was elegantly striking, without being regularly beautiful, received much improvement from a few curls of bright chestnut hair, which escaped here and there from the confinement of a pinched cap, for Cassiah was a Quaker. Reuben saw and loved the fair maiden. An intimacy had taken place between their parents, and by conversation it was discovered, that the father of Cassiah was a descendant from Beatina Gorges, the youngest daughter of Sir Egbert and Columbia: it was a kind of relationship that sanctified friendship in the elder branches of the family, and encouraged the affection of the younger.

Reuben wooed, and was successful. He threw aside the habit of vanity, and assumed the dress and faith of his beloved. Their hands were joined in the face of the church; and Arrabella, about three months after this event, which gave her much pleasure, went to the mansions of the blessed.

Cassiah was young. Reuben wished his aunt Rachel to stay in the family and manage his household: it was the very thing her heart wished for. "My cousin," said she smiling, "will have enough
to

to do to nurse* and educate her children." But awelladay! aunt Rachel was wrong in her predictions; for Reuben was married above ten years before he had the least prospect of a young family.

At length his beloved Cassiah bid fair to make him a father. Universal joy pervaded the whole family; but alas! how transient! The eagerly wished for, the long expected hour at length arrived. Cassiah gave birth to two infants, a boy and a girl: she heard she was a mother, blessed her children, and recommended them strongly to the protection of their father, and the care of aunt Rachel.

"Will you name them, my love?" said her husband, bending over the bed with affection.

"They shall be called after the two beings I love most," said she, extending a hand to her aunt and husband. "Call them Reuben and Rachel." A sudden faintness seized her as she spoke. Gently, and without pain, her pure spirit passed from its earthly to its eternal mansion.